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RÜCKBLICKE UND AUSBLICKE

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Die folgenden, seiner Zeit rasch hingeschriebenen Bemerkungen kamen am 5. November 1937 in Milwaukee bei der Jahresversammlung der Wisconsiner Lehrerschaft in der deutschen Gruppe zum Vortrag. Ihr zum Teil recht persönlicher, familiärer Ton erklärt sich, ja rechtfertigt sich vielleicht durch den Umstand, daß die Gruppe zum weitaus größten Teil aus früheren Schülern und Kollegen von mir bestand, von denen ich in gewissem Sinne Abschied nahm. Wenn dieser kurze Vortrag jetzt dem weiteren Kreise der Leser der *Monatshefte* mitgeteilt wird, so geschieht das auf den ausdrücklichen Wunsch ihres Herausgebers hin und nicht ohne Widerstreben meinerseits. Ein beabsichtigter Versuch, das Ganze dementsprechend umzuarbeiten, hat leider unterbleiben müssen.

Als unser Vorsitzender, Herr Professor Koehneke, vor Monaten bei mir anfragte, ob ich nicht für diese heutige Sitzung den üblichen ersten Vortrag allgemeinerer Natur übernehmen wollte, da hatte, ich muß es gestehen, der Gedanke, noch einmal und voraussichtlich ziemlich sicher zum letzten Male zu den versammelten Deutschlehrern unseres Staates zu sprechen, neben und mit denen ich so lange Jahre gemeinsam gearbeitet habe, etwas Verlockendes, wenn ich im Augenblick auch nicht die geringste Ahnung hatte, worüber ich wohl würde sprechen wollen oder sprechen können. Dies war der Grund, weshalb ich einen so viel und zugleich so wenig besagenden Titel für meine Bemerkungen wählte wie „Rückblicke und Ausblicke“, da sich unter ihm so ziemlich alles würde unterbringen lassen, was mir im letzten Augenblick als wünschenswert erscheinen möchte. „Rückblicke“ sollten mir ja keine besonderen Schwierigkeiten machen, da die Strecke lang genug ist, auf die ich in meiner Eigenschaft als Lehrer der neueren Sprachen zurückblicken kann.

Lang ist sie gewesen, diese Lehrerlaufbahn, viel länger als selber die meisten von Ihnen, denen mein gegenwärtiges Alter kein Geheimnis ist, sich ahnen lassen. Da ich meinen Doktor in Leipzig im Frühjahr 1888 gemacht hatte und daraufhin sofort nach England ging, um in Devonshire an einer *Private School for Gentlemen's Sons Only* diesen Gentlemen's Sons Deutsch und Französisch beizubringen, so meinen Sie wahrscheinlich, daß ich gerade in diesem Jahre mein fünfzigjähriges Lehrerjubiläum begehe, was in gewissem Sinne auch richtig ist. Aber doch eben nur in gewissem Sinne. Denn tatsächlich habe ich dieses fünfzigjährige Lehrerjubiläum, in aller Stille und Bescheidenheit, bereits vor fünfzehn Jahren gefeiert; denn es war tatsächlich bereits im Jahre 1922 ein volles halbes Jahrhundert, daß ich meine erste durchaus regelrechte und bezahlte Unterrichtstätigkeit begonnen hatte. Ich war damals noch nicht sieben Jahre alt und erteilte für 10 Pfennig die Stunde regelrechten Nachhilfeunterricht im Deutschlesen, also genau in dem

Gegenstand, über dessen Technik wir uns bis heutzutage die Köpfe zerbrechen, an einen durch Krankheit zurückgebliebenen Mitschüler der untersten Klasse der Volksschule. Dann allerdings trat in meiner Lehrtätigkeit eine längere Unterbrechung ein, und erst in Quarta oder Tertia des Gymnasiums begann wieder das Erteilen von Privatstunden, das mich dann allerdings durch meine ganze Gymnasialzeit begleitet hat, wobei es sich nun allerdings nicht mehr um Deutschunterricht handelte, sondern hauptsächlich um Mathematik und Latein, seltener Französisch und Englisch und wobei die Honorare allmählich von 75 Pfennig bis zu einer Mark, ja mitunter 1.50 Mark stiegen. Ein oder zwei Privatschüler hatte ich damals wohl immer oder fast immer; die Gesamtzahl der erteilten Wochenstunden schwankte jedoch beträchtlich. Mitunter erreichte sie einen Umfang, den ich jetzt selbst kaum noch begreifen kann. So weiß ich bestimmt, daß ich meine Höchstleistung während einer kurzen Zeit in Untersekunda erreichte, wo ich neben den regelmäßigen 34 wöchentlichen Unterrichtsstunden es fertig brachte, 20 Privatstunden zu geben, teils in den Wohnungen der Schüler, teils in unsrer Wohnung. In letzterem Falle konnte ich dann meinem Lehreifer die Zügel schießen lassen durch lautes Abkanzeln der Dummen oder Faulen bei selbstgefälliger Verwendung der Redensarten und Scheltwörter, die ich von den eigenen Lehrern in der Schule gelernt hatte. Es muß bei solchen Gelegenheiten mitunter sehr stürmisch zugegangen sein. Jedenfalls weiß ich noch, wie meine gute Mutter in berechtigter Sorge um mein Fortkommen in der Welt mich einmal eindringlich warnte: Junge, werde einmal was Du willst, aber nur um Himmelswillen nicht Lehrer.

Ich weiß, diese Dinge gehören eigentlich nicht hierher, hoffe aber, daß man sie der Mitteilungslust des Alters zu gute hält. Zudem, was meine Kollegen Commons und Ross sich als Siebzigjährige kapitelweise leisten konnten, sollte vielleicht auch mir minutenweise gestattet sein, besonders da ich dabei ja bei der Stange bleibe und meine Erinnerungen auf das *Fach* beschränke.

Daß ich nach meiner Promotion kurze Zeit in England unterrichtete, habe ich bereits erwähnt; es folgten dann zwei 'terms' an einem englischen College in Heidelberg und dann meine Pariser Unterrichtserlebnisse, die nicht uninteressant waren. Es war 1889, die Zeit, in der die Berlitzschulen hierzulande anfangen eine Rolle zu spielen. Berlitz war nach Paris gekommen, um daselbst eine seiner Schulen zu gründen. Ich lernte ihn kennen und er erbot sich, da zunächst natürlich keine Schüler vorhanden waren, mich in die Prinzipien seiner Lehrmethode einzuführen, was er, wie ich dankbar anerkenne, mit großem Geschick tat. Nun aber fingen allmählich die ersten vereinzelt Schüler an, sich einzustellen. Alles Damen, soweit ich mich erinnere. Berlitz war nun in einer schwierigen Lage. Einerseits kannte man ihn als Deutschen und andererseits zeigte er ja mit Reclamenachdruck an, daß er „native teachers only“ verwende. Er selber konnte also nur deutschen Unterricht erteilen. Es wurde aber auch Englisch gewünscht, und von Engländerinnen und Amerikanerinnen, die sich in Paris länger aufhalten wollten, auch Französisch. Was tut also Herr Berlitz? Er stellt mich, den natürlich niemand

kannte, einmal als waschechten Engländer namens Hollowfield vor und dann wieder als nicht minder eingewanderten Franzosen, natürlich Pariser namens Aulfelle, und für das immerhin nicht ganz einfache und ich darf schon sagen zu allseitiger Befriedigung erfolgreich durchgeführte Theaterspiel erhielt ich das fürstliche Honorar von einem Franken die Stunde. Die Komödie, die ja nicht lange dauerte, da die Zeit meiner Abreise nach Amerika vor der Tür stand, gereichte niemand zum Schaden, und meine Französinnen machten gute Fortschritte im Englischen, wie meine Engländerinnen im Französischen. Als ich aber eines Tages Herrn Berlitz fragte, ob er denn wegen dieser Nasführung seiner Klienten keine Gewissensbisse habe, lächelte er verschmitzt und tat die Gegenfrage — wir sprachen damals meist englisch zusammen — : Well, isn't everybody native of something?

Inzwischen hatte Berlitz auf Grund dieser meiner erfolgreichen Lektionen in Sprachen, die dazu noch für mich Fremdsprachen waren, eine so günstige Meinung gefaßt von meiner Begabung für seine besondere Art des Unterrichts, daß, da er wußte, daß ich nach Amerika ging, er mich zu festem, durchaus anständigem Gehalt für seine New Yorker Schule im voraus anstellte, vom Tage meiner Landung an. So habe ich dann ein paar kurze Wochen in der New Yorker Schule unterrichtet und dann in Chicago, wo ich gemeinsam mit einem reizenden älteren Franzosen, der aber, trotzdem er Berlitzlehrer war, nur ein sehr schlechtes Englisch radebrechte, die erste Chicagoer Berlitzschule gegründet. Alles das in der kurzen Zeit vom 9. September bis etwa Mitte November. Denn dann starb in Nashville, an der Vanderbilt University, ganz unerwartet der Professor der neueren Sprachen namens Zdanowicz, der Vater meines jetzigen französischen Kollegen in Madison, den sicher die meisten, wenn nicht alle von Ihnen wenigstens dem Namen nach kennen. Man bot mir damals die Vertretung in den französischen Klassen an, da man die deutschen Kurse sowieso einem Alumnus der Anstalt versprochen hatte, der sich in Leipzig seinen Doktorhut geholt hatte und der in Bälde zurückerwartet wurde. Drei Jahre lang war ich dann ausschließlich im Französischen tätig bis endlich die deutsche Stelle in Vanderbilt frei wurde und ich das wurde, was ich seitdem geblieben bin, und was wir hier alle sind: Lehrer des Deutschen in Amerika.

So wäre ich denn glücklich wenn auch auf Umwegen da angelangt, wo ich eigentlich hätte anfangen sollen. Gewiß lagen die Verhältnisse in den Südstaaten noch ungünstiger als im Osten oder im mittleren Westen, aber so ganz uncharakteristisch für die Gesamtlage waren sie denn doch nicht. Im Unterrichtsplan des College herrschte noch durchaus der B. A. Kursus vor mit seiner traditionellen Betonung von Latein, Griechisch, Mathematik, Englisch, Geschichte und Philosophie. Das war der Kursus, der allein Ansehen genoß und von 4/5 der Studentenschaft genommen wurde. Der sogenannte B. S. Kursus kam eigentlich nur für die weniger Ehrgeizigen oder intellektuell Minderwertigen in Frage. Im B. A. Kursus konnte nun, als ich 1889 nach Vanderbilt kam, Französisch erst im Junior-Jahr, Deutsch sogar erst im Senior-Jahr begonnen werden (beide als wahlfreie Fächer), so daß zwei Jahr Französisch und ein Jahr Deutsch alles war, was der Student bis zu

seinem Baccalaureus überhaupt treiben konnte, aber natürlich auch ganz liegen lassen konnte. Öffentliche Mittelschulen (high schools) gab es damals in Tennessee, wie wohl in den Südstaaten im allgemeinen so gut wie keine. Wer über die achtklassige Volksschule hinaus wollte, mußte eine nicht billige, also nur den wohlhabenden Kreisen zugängliche Privatschule besuchen, die für die Mädchen den Charakter einer Abschlußschule (finishing school) hatte und für die Knaben Vorbereitungsschule fürs College war, Verhältnisse also, wie wir sie in diesem Teile der Staaten wohl nie gekannt haben, wie sie aber in den älteren Landesteilen im Osten und Süden teilweise noch bis heutzutage sich gehalten haben. Die Methodik des Unterrichts folgte noch fast gänzlich dem damaligen Vorbilde der klassischen Sprachen, neben denen die neueren sich ja überhaupt Anerkennung und pädagogische Respektabilität nur dadurch erwerben konnten, daß sie dieselben ehrbaren Wege gingen wie ihre angesehenen und einflußreichen Nachbarn: also viel formale Grammatik bis tief in die Syntax hinein (Calvin Thomas und Joynes-Meißner waren die führenden Lehrbücher), fleißiges Übersetzen aus dem Englischen in die Fremdsprache und Lektüre (das hieß aber im Grunde auch wieder nur Übersetzen) von Werken der fremden Literatur, die möglichst rasch zu den klassischen Schriften eines Racine und Molière, eines Lessing und Schiller führen sollte. Es waren immerhin schon kühnere Neuerer, die vor oder nach der Übersetzung einer Stelle ins Englische sie in der Fremdsprache lesen ließen oder sie gar selber einmal ihrer Klasse vortrugen. Im allgemeinen sprach der Lehrer selber die Fremdsprache in der Klasse so gut wie gar nicht, und es soll das mitunter auch pädagogisch durchaus angebracht gewesen sein. Ich selber erregte bedenkliches Aufsehen, als ich zunächst ausserhalb des eigentlichen Klassenunterrichts aber als Ergänzung dazu nach wohlerlerntem Berlitzschen Muster eine wöchentlich zweistündige Konversationsklasse im Französischen einrichtete, für deren Besuch kein 'credit' gewährt wurde, die sich aber in kürzester Zeit Beliebtheit erwarb nicht nur bei den besseren Studenten sondern auch unter den Fakultätsmitgliedern. Überhaupt ist zu sagen, daß dieser uns unglaublich altmodisch anmutende neusprachliche Unterricht in den Händen eines Lebendigen, anregenden Lehrers durchaus erfreulich wirken konnte, sowohl in Bezug auf den Betrieb in der Klasse wie auf die wohl einseitigen, aber nicht unsoliden Resultate, die erzielt wurden. Die Studenten waren an ein solches Verfahren vom Latein her, das sie *alle* gehabt haben mußten, gewöhnt und sie waren ihm auch, da sie ja doch eine ziemlich strenge Auslese darstellten, auch intellektuell gewachsen. In den Händen eines langweiligen, im Grunde uninteressierten Lehrers dagegen, der vielleicht eine Stunde lang aus dem Lesebuch seine Schüler *der Reihe nach* ins Englische übersetzen ließ und ohne viel zu beanstanden oder zu korrigieren, nur ab und zu sein monotones barbierrmäßiges 'the next' hören ließ, in solchen Händen war ein solches Verfahren allerdings die reine Parodie auf das, was verdienen konnte Sprachunterricht genannt zu werden.

Methodische Anweisungen, die den hiesigen Verhältnissen Rechnung trugen zugleich aber auch auf Hebung und Verbesserung des Bestehenden hinielten, gab es damals noch nicht. Von Fachlehrer-Vereinigungen regiona-

len oder nationalen Charakters gab es nichts außer der noch jungen *Modern Language Association*, die sich erst ganz vor Kurzem vom Mutterboden der klassisch eingestellten *Philological Association* losgelöst hatte. In der *Modern Language Association* dieser frühen Zeit erschienen neben den wissenschaftlichen Interessen der Mitglieder Arbeiten über pädagogische Probleme des Unterrichts allerdings noch häufig genug und in M L A Kreisen entstanden dann allmählich die verschiedenen Komiteeberichte über Methodik des Unterrichts, so z. B. allerdings erst 1901 der von Calvin Thomas betreute lange für maßgebend angesehene *Report of the Committee of Twelve*.

In den *Publications of the Modern Language Association* brachte der erste Band, der 1884-85 erschien, aus einer Gesamtzahl von 17 Aufsätzen nicht weniger als neun, also über die Hälfte, die sich mit allgemeineren Unterrichtsfragen unsres Faches beschäftigten, also sogenannte 'pedagogical papers,' doch sehr rasch gewannen die wissenschaftlichen Interessen so sehr die Oberhand, daß nach den ersten drei Bänden höchstens noch ein bis zwei Aufsätze unterrichtlichen Charakters das Jahr erschienen. Und als ich im Jahre 1904 als Chairman der damals noch bestehenden 'Central Division' der M L A auf diese Frage in meiner Rede vor der Jahresversammlung in Chicago einging, konnte ich darauf hinweisen, daß schon der Band der *Publications* für 1902 keinen einzigen Aufsatz mehr brachte, der sich mit Problemen des Unterrichts befaßte. An und für sich war gegen diese Entwicklung der M L A auf die rein wissenschaftlichen Forschungsinteressen hin nichts einzuwenden. Nur schien es mir notwendig, zwischen zwei Möglichkeiten zu wählen: entweder innerhalb der M L A beide Interessensphären anzuerkennen und zu pflegen oder aber die Gründung einer zweiten Organisation zu betreiben, in der durch Aussprache bei Jahreszusammenkünften und durch Veröffentlichungen die Interessen des Unterrichts, und zwar durchaus nicht nur auf der Stufe der Elementarkurse, ihre Vertretung und ihren Ausdruck fänden. Es ist doch vielleicht noch von Interesse, ein paar Sätze aus jener Rede vom Jahre 1905 hier anzuführen:

If even the most solid educational interests of our profession are to be almost entirely eliminated from our meetings and publications, these interests, becoming more and more alienated from us, will either be transferred to other organizations already in existence or they will find expression in new organizations of their own. If we desire to be a research society pure and simple, as learned societies rightfully may be, such a result need not to dismay us. If, however, we desire to be also recognized as the leaders in all legitimate questions concerning the scholarly teaching of our subjects, we cannot view with equanimity the present trend of things.

Moreover, we are not so situated that what we fail to do at our meetings, could be easily accomplished through our pens in departmental journals of a high order devoted to the practice of modern language instruction. What have we to compare with, for instance, German publications like *Zeitschrift für den deutschen Unterricht*, *Zeitschrift für französischen und englischen Unterricht*, *Die Neueren Sprachen*, or certain departments of the *Archiv*, of *Neue Jahrbücher*, *Anglia*, and others? The *Publications*, the *Journal*, and *Modern Philology* are all exclusively, I feel tempted to say ostentatiously, devoted to research.

Even the *Notes* make no attempt at taking systematic care of the needs of our teachers or of the broader problems affecting our profession. The *Pädagogische Monatshefte* finally, aside from their ill-chosen title, have put their emphasis too much on the side of German instruction in the elementary schools to make much headway among the teachers in our high schools and small colleges. In short, we possess in this direction practically nothing of national significance and undeniably scholarly character. Is this a natural and healthful situation? Are we as an association doing our duty in the face of so deplorable a state of affairs? If we are unable to remedy this defect within the limits of our organization, are we taking any steps looking for improvement on the outside?

Dazu kam noch der weitere Umstand, daß die tüchtigeren Colleges und Universitäten, die allein im Stande waren, leidlich gründlich geschulte Fachlehrer der neueren Sprachen auszubilden, auch ihrerseits durch ihre neu-sprachlichen Abteilungen für die im engeren Sinne methodische Ausbildung ihrer Lehramtskandidaten meistens nichts taten. Wie lange dieser Zustand vornehmer Zurückhaltung diesen Problemen gegenüber im Osten fortbestanden hat und sicher auch wohl noch besteht, erweist sich am deutlichsten daraus, daß eine Anstalt wie Harvard erst in aller letzter Zeit der praktischen Lehrerausbildung seiner Lehramtskandidaten Aufmerksamkeit geschenkt hat.

Als ich kurz nach meiner Berufung nach Wisconsin im Jahre 1901 den ersten Lehrerkursus in der deutschen Abteilung einrichtete und selbst jahrelang leitete und innerhalb unsrer eignen Universitätsklassen eine Art Ersatz für ‚high school observation and supervised practice teaching‘ organisierte, da mußte ich mir von mancher Seite den Vorwurf gefallen lassen, dadurch die Abteilung auf das Niveau einer Normal School zu erniedrigen. Von irgend einer Zusammenarbeit mit den Vertretern des Education Departments, die sichtlich und ich gebe zu beängstigend von Jahr zu Jahr an Zahl zunahmen und mehr und mehr Einfluß auf die Methoden und Lehrpläne der high school gewannen, wollten die Kollegen nichts wissen. Ja man gefiel sich darin, diese Kollegen bei jeder Gelegenheit vor den Kopf zu stoßen. Wie sehr sich diese kurzsichtige Politik, die allerdings nicht nur von den sprachlichen Abteilungen getrieben wurde, gerächt hat, wissen und fühlen wir alle nur zu gut; doch gehört das nicht zu den Rückblicken sondern eher zu den Ausblicken, die den Schluß machen sollen.

Von all dem, was ich soweit zurückblickend versucht habe zu schildern oder wenigstens anzudeuten und den älteren der Kollegen und Kolleginnen ins Gedächtnis zurückzurufen, von all dem gab es damals nur eine Ausnahme, und es wäre grundfalsch und hier in Milwaukee geradezu unverzeihlich, nicht nachdrücklichst darauf hinzuweisen: Ich meine natürlich das frühere Deutsch-Amerikanische Lehrerseminar und, wenn auch in geringerem Umfang, den damals noch hinter ihm stehenden Deutsch-Amerikanischen Lehrerbund. Hier, um es ganz kurz zu fassen, waren gründliches Fachwissen und methodische Schulung nicht zwei sich argwöhnisch gegenüberstehende Lager, sondern hier arbeiteten sie gemeinsam auf das Ziel einer einheitlichen Lehrerausbildung hin, und das Organ dieser Anstalt, die *Pädagogischen Monatshefte*, wie sie damals hießen und aus denen sich durch mehrfache

Titelveränderung und Zielverschiebung unsre *Wisconsin Monatshefte für Deutschen Unterricht* entwickelt haben, war lange Jahre hindurch die einzige Zeitschrift unseres Landes, die sich in den Dienst des Deutschunterrichts und einer systematischen Lehrerausbildung stellte. Was alles unmittelbar und mittelbar Jahrzehnte hindurch aus dem Milwaukeeer Seminar an befruchtenden Einflüssen dem gesamten neusprachlichen Unterricht unsres Landes zugute kam, ist schwer zu ermessen. Jedenfalls sind aus der Studentenschaft und Lehrerschaft des Seminars nicht nur eine stattliche Reihe erfolgreicher Deutschlehrer, sondern auch eine Gruppe von anerkannten Führern auf unsrem Gebiet hervorgegangen. Leider war das Seminar seiner Entstehung nach in zwei Punkten an einer vollen Auswirkung seiner Ideen im amerikanischen Schulwesen behindert. Es vertrat einerseits das Prinzip des Deutschunterrichts in der Volksschule, das auch ohne den Krieg sich auf die Dauer nicht hätte halten lassen, und es war andererseits in seinen Männern und Idealen so stark mit Deutschland und deutschem Wesen verwachsen, daß es mit dem sich nun rasch entwickelnden amerikanischen high-school Betrieb und dessen Männern keine nennenswerte Fühlung besaß. Ob ohne den Krieg sich allmählich eine Umstellung hätte durchführen lassen, mag fraglich sein. Ich persönlich möchte es bezweifeln, da vor allem die Mittel der Anstalt für eine Ausdehnung und Neugestaltung ganz unzureichend waren. Der Krieg beseitigte aber wie im Handumdrehen allen Zweifel. Er fegte den Fremdsprachlichen Unterricht aus den Volksschulen heraus und beraubte zugleich eine so stark deutsch eingestellte Organisation, wie das Seminar es war, wenigstens auf Jahre hinaus jeder Anerkennung und jedes Einflusses. Daß sich aus diesem Zusammenbruch wenigstens die *Monatshefte* haben retten lassen, ist vielleicht schon Grund genug, dem Schicksal nicht zu sehr zu grollen.

Als ich im Jahre 1913 als Präsident der MLA wieder Gelegenheit hatte, zur allgemeinen Lage des neusprachlichen Unterrichts Stellung zu nehmen, hatten sich die Verhältnisse, auf die ich acht Jahre vorher aufmerksam gemacht hatte, in der Hauptsache nicht verändert. Einerseits dienten die MLA und ihre 'Publications' nach wie vor, wenn nicht mehr als je mit unbeeinträchtigter Ausschließlichkeit den wissenschaftlichen Forschungsinteressen unsres Faches; andererseits war noch nichts geschehen, eine neue Vereinigung oder eine neue Zeitschrift zu schaffen, die sich der Vertretung der vernachlässigten Probleme des Unterrichts gewidmet hätte. In meiner Präsidentenrede, in der ich wiederum auf Anomalie der bestehenden Verhältnisse auf das schärfste hinwies, konnte ich einen Teil der bereits zitierten Ausführungen von 1905 wörtlich wiederholen, diesmal in des Löwen Höhle, in Cambridge in Harvard University und vor einer ebenso zahlreichen wie repräsentativen Versammlung der führenden Anglisten und Neusprachler des Landes und diesmal doch mit handgreiflichem Erfolg. Zunächst wurde seitens der MLA selber ein nationaler Ausschuß eingesetzt, dessen Leitung ich mich unter den Umständen anzunehmen genötigt sah, der die bestehenden Einrichtungen für die Ausbildung der neusprachlichen Lehrer im ganzen Lande feststellen und auf Basis dieser Erhebungen Normen aufstellen sollte als ein erreichbares Mindestmaß beruflicher Vorbildung für Mittelschullehrer

der neueren Sprachen. Die Arbeit wurde energisch in Angriff genommen, und auf Grund eines umfangreichen und über das ganze Land versandten Questionnaires konnte bereits im folgenden Jahre ein detaillierter Tatsachenbericht vorgelegt werden, dem in einem weiteren Jahre die positiven Vorschläge zur Neuordnung folgen sollten. Damals war aber bereits der Krieg in Europa ausgebrochen, in dessen weiterem Verlauf ich mich überzeugen mußte, daß bei der gewaltigen Verschiebung in der Stellung des Deutschunterrichts im Verhältnis zum französischen und spanischen und bei der zwischen den verschiedenen Abteilungen unvermeidlichen Spannung der von mir zusammengesetzte Ausschuß unter meiner Führung der gestellten Aufgabe nicht mehr gewachsen war, so daß wir uns, nachdem inzwischen auch Amerika in den Krieg eingetreten war, unverrichteter Sache verabschieden ließen.

Um so erfreulicher war es, daß es selbst während des Krieges gelang, die verschiedenen lokalen neusprachlichen Vereinigungen unter einen Hut zu bringen, d. h. die *National Federation of Modern Language Teachers* und als deren offizielles Organ 'The Modern Language Journal' zu gründen, das gegenwärtig eben seinen 22. Jahrgang antritt. Darauf folgte dann nach dem Kriege und nicht ohne beträchtliche Schwierigkeiten die Gründung der *American Association of Teachers of German* und ihres amtlichen Organs, dem 'German Quarterly,' wodurch wir denn allerdings zwei den Interessen des Deutschunterrichts und der Deutschlehrer dienende Zeitschriften erhalten haben, was gewisse Vorteile aber auch fühlbare Nachteile mit sich bringt.

Inzwischen war auch im Jahre 1923 das herkulische Unternehmen des 'Modern Foreign Language Study' unter Professor Fifes hervorragend kluger und energischer Leitung in Angriff genommen worden, dessen Ergebnisse in geradezu bedrückendem Ausmaß in 17 zum Teil gewaltigen Bänden von 1927-30 veröffentlicht wurden. Glücklicherweise faßte Professor Fife selbst im Jahre 1931 eine Übersicht über alle die verschiedenen Berichte, Experimente und Statistiken in leicht lesbarer, nicht-technischer Sprache zusammen unter dem Titel 'A Summary of Reports on the Modern Foreign Languages,' Macmillan Publishing Company, dessen sorgfältige Lektüre jedem Deutschlehrer zu empfehlen ist, der sich ernstlich mit den Problemen seines Berufs und deren letzten Lösungsversuchen auseinandersetzen möchte. Wer weiter in den Inhalt des einen oder andern der einzelnen Bände eindringen oder einen besonderen Gegenstand bis in seine letzten Schlupfwinkel verfolgen will, findet dazu am Ende des Summary-Bandes einen sorgfältigen Index zu dem Inhalt des Gesamtwerkes.

Hiermit stehen wir aber auch bereits schon in der unmittelbaren Gegenwart und sind genötigt, den Blick nach vorn zu richten. Daß im Laufe der beinahe fünf Jahrzehnte, die ich hier im Fluge durchleite habe, eine ungeheure, kaum zu ermessende Fülle selbstlosester Organisations- und Aufbauarbeit geleistet worden ist, muß jedem in die Augen springen, besonders wenn Sie bedenken, daß ich z. B. über die allerdings übermäßige Produktion von Textbüchern aller Art, über die Entwicklung der neueren Prüfungsmethoden, über die ungeheure Auszählarbeit behufs Feststellung der Häufigkeitsziffern

für Wörter, idiomatische Ausdrücke und syntaktische Bindungen und über ähnliche Arbeiten und Untersuchungen nichts gesagt habe, und daß ich von meinen skizzenhaften Ausführungen ebenfalls alles ausgeschlossen habe, was die wenn auch ganz selten hervorragenden, so doch ausgiebigen und soliden wissenschaftlichen Forschungsarbeiten auf sprachlichem und literarischem Gebiet betrifft, die vor allem an den größeren Universitäten eine Heimstätte gefunden und unter anderem zum Ausbau vorzüglicher Büchereien neu-sprachlicher Sprach- und Literaturwissenschaft geführt haben.

Wir Alten und Älteren hätten also, möchte es scheinen, alle Ursache mit uns und unserm Werk zufrieden zu sein, und die Jüngeren und Jüngsten getrost, im Gefühl des Wohlgerüstetseins in die nächste und fernere Zukunft zu blicken. Und doch, wir müssen es uns schon eingestehen, ist das nicht so recht der Fall. Ja, wir glauben, so manche drohende Wolke an unserm beruflichen Himmel heraufziehen zu sehen. Ich selber habe zwei Befürchtungen, die ich nicht verheimlichen mag und die beide in ihrem letzten Grunde eine unangenehme Verwandtschaft miteinander zu haben scheinen.

Einerseits — und hiermit stimmt unsre Entwicklung mit der des allgemeinen amerikanischen Lebens nur zu gut überein — ist so überwiegend viel von dem, was wir in seiner Art unbedingt als Fortschritt anerkennen müssen, rein organisatorisch, mechanisch, zahlenmäßig, statistisch, schematisch, rechnerisch, daß man sich fragen muß, ob denn unter all diesen Segnungen exaktester Leistungsfähigkeit nicht manche geistigen, individuellen, nur gefühlsmäßig zu erfassenden Werte, nicht nur in der Welt sprachlicher und literarischer Dinge, sondern in aller echteren und lebendigeren Lehr- und Erziehungstätigkeit, Gefahr laufen übersehen zu werden. Gerade wir Sprachlehrer sind doch nun einmal die Hauptvertreter der humanistischen Idee mit ihren Persönlichkeitswerten im älteren Unterrichtsplan gewesen, und wenn wir diese Idee und das ihr gemäßere Verfahren allzu leichtherzig aufgeben, wer soll denn dann dafür sorgen, daß ihr nicht allmählich unter dem Druck des mechanischen Incubus der Atem ausgeht. Das ist so die eine Sorge, die mich manchmal beschleichen will.

Die andre Bedenklichkeit, die uns jetzt schon seit Jahren bedrohlich von unseren 'educational friends' geschildert wird und die durch die Oktobernummer der *Monatshefte* und des *Bulletin of the Wisconsin Association* in leidlich grellen Formen und Farben vor uns hintritt, diese zweite Bedenklichkeit ergibt sich daraus, daß man uns vorhält, unser Fach sei zu altmodisch, zu lebensfern, zu wenig sozial zu verwerten und passe daher nicht mehr in den Lehr- und Unterrichtsplan der modernen amerikanischen high school, vielleicht allmählich auch des Colleges. Daß nicht wenige der einflußreichen Führer im Schulwesen des Landes dieser Meinung sind und daß die Frage deshalb durchaus ernst zu nehmen ist, kann kein Einsichtiger bezweifeln. Es ist deshalb auch nur zu billigen, daß aus diesem Grunde bereits im 'Study' eine stärkere Betonung landes- und kulturkundlicher Dinge im neu-sprachlichen high school Unterricht empfohlen wurde. Wenn uns nun aber unverblümt nahegelegt wird, daß wir eine weit größere Anzahl der weniger begabten und weniger interessierten Schüler für unsre Klassen gewinnen könn-

ten, wenn wir eben einfach die ganze Idee von Sprachunterricht fallen lassen wollten und statt dessen eben etwas gänzlich andres treiben, so glaube ich, daß dem fremdsprachlichen Unterricht und seinen Vertretern damit doch zuviel zugemutet wird.

Muß uns denn soviel an der großen Masse derer gelegen sein, die gegenwärtig die high school überfluten, teils weil sie keine Beschäftigung finden können, teils weil man infolgedessen das schulpflichtige Alter bis auf sechzehn, siebzehn, ja achtzehn Jahre hinaufschrauben möchte, was, wenn die jetzigen Verhältnisse andauern, sozialpolitisch durchaus zu rechtfertigen ist? Außerdem aber bin ich überzeugt, daß wenn dieser erzwungene Zuwachs mehr oder weniger uninteressierter Schülermassen anhält, man sicher bald davon abkommen wird, den ganzen früheren Lehrplan ihnen zuliebe umzukrempeln. Entweder wird man in größeren Städten besondere high schools mit vorwiegend praktisch-beruflichen Unterrichtsfächern und geringeren Leistungsansprüchen einrichten oder man wird, wo das nicht angeht, innerhalb derselben high school-Organisation verschiedene Parallelkurse nebeneinander entwickeln. So ganz, glaube ich, sind wir dem Dämon der Gleichmacherei noch nicht verfallen.

Jedenfalls handelt es sich hier um Dinge, die von so vernichtend weittragenden Folgen begleitet sein können für das, was gerade in letzter Zeit mit Mühe geschaffen worden ist, und vor allem gerade für den Deutschunterricht, der sich von den Folgen des letzten Krieges noch längst nicht wirklich erholt hat, daß alle in Frage kommenden Kreise sich in dieser Frage vor jeder Übereilung hüten sollten.

Also, Ursache zu Sorge und Bedenklichkeiten bestehen schon, und die unmittelbaren Aussichten für den neusprachlichen Unterricht können sicher nicht rosig und beruhigend genannt werden. Und doch bin ich der Überzeugung, daß all die ehrliche, gründliche, fleißige, tüchtige Arbeit der letzten Jahrzehnte endgültig auch in dem uns nicht wohlgesinnten Lager ihren Eindruck nicht verfehlen wird. Andererseits ist soviel sicher, daß wir Lehrer der neueren Sprachen und so auch wir Deutschlehrer im Interesse der Erhaltung unsres Faches mehr als je verpflichtet sind, unseren Schülern und unseren Schulen und unseren städtischen Gemeinden das Beste zu geben, dessen wir fähig sind, und dafür zu sorgen, daß dieses Beste auch wirklich etwas Gutes ist, das sich sehen lassen kann.

In diesem Sinne schließe ich diese kurzen Ausführungen mit demselben Goethischen Zweizeiler, mit dem ich 1913 in Cambridge schloß und der als Rede und Antwort zweier Männer zu denken ist, von denen der Erste der Zweifler und Kleinmütige, der Zweite dagegen der voller Hoffnung und Zuversicht ist:

„Nein! heut' ist mir das Glück erbost!“ —
Du saddle gut und reite getrost!

TOLLER'S "DIE MASCHINENSTÜRMER"

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"It has remained for a German dramatist, Ernst Toller," says Dora Neill Raymond in her *Political Career of Lord Byron*,¹ "to manifest in *Die Maschinenstürmer*² that passionate sympathy for the frame-breakers which parliamentary restraint and discretion prevented the English poet from completely expressing."

Myself, I am inclined to put the emphasis the other way. Rather than that the German dramatist has in any wise put the capstone upon Lord Byron's efforts, it seems to me that Lord Byron has furnished Ernst Toller with the most effective — with the one really glorious — part of his play, namely, the *Vorspiel*. However that may be, inasmuch as we have to do here with a literary relationship between Lord Byron and Ernst Toller, with a topic interesting at once to the English-speaking and the German-speaking world, we are the more justified in pausing for a leisure moment to review the matter.

It is good entertainment to take down from its shelf in an obscure library alcove that tome, Volume XXI of Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, of the year 1812, and browse through its pages. The Index quickly affords the reader the general historical setting: Dispute with America; Vote of Thanks to Lord Minto &c for the Conquest of the Islands of Bourbon and Mauritius, and for the Operations in the Island of Java; Portuguese Subsidy; Repeal of the Legislative Union with Ireland; American Loyalists' Petition; Vote of Thanks to Lord Wellington; Corn Intercourse Bill; Flogging of Soldiers; East Indian Company . . . , and the like.

A number of circumstances back in 1812 combined to make normally bad conditions among the weavers of England worse. Years of warfare had brought their inevitable depression to England, and this was accentuated by the trade embargoes with which Napoleon was striking at "that nation of shopkeepers," and by the American Non-intercourse Act, which deprived England of her trade with the States. When now certain frames or machines were invented and set up in large numbers, for the making of stockings, gaiters, and laces, each capable of accomplishing the work of seven men, starvation and despair finally goaded the weavers into lawless action. They openly banded together, under the leadership of "General Ludd,"³ for the destruction of these machines.

The spread and persistence of the weavers' revolt brought the matter to the consideration of Parliament. In the opinion of Tory leaders, the best method of procedure to check the destructive rioting, which police, infantry

¹ N. Y., Henry Holt & Co., 1924. p. 319.

² Leipzig, Tal & Co., 1922.

³ The records tell of a weaver by the name of Ned Ludd, who lived in the village of Leicestershire. Being somewhat weak of mind, he was often made the butt of the pranks of the village boys. On one occasion Ludd had pursued his tormentors into a house where there were two of the new stocking frames, and not being able to catch the boys, he vented his anger on the frames. When afterwards frames were broken by the rioters, these always said: "Ned Ludd did it!" The leader of the rioters was commonly referred to as "General Ludd," and the rioters themselves were dubbed "Luddites."

and cavalry had been unable to cope with, was so to terrorize the weavers that they would submit with more amenity to unemployment and starvation. An act was now introduced into Parliament, referred to as the "Frame Work Bill," intitled: "An act for the more exemplary punishment of persons destroying or injuring any stocking or lace frames, or other machines or engines used in the knitting manufactory." The sentence prescribed by the new bill was death.

The bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons without a division. It was introduced by Lord Liverpool in the House of Lords and came to its second reading on the 27th of February, 1812. On this day, before a crowded chamber, Lord Byron (then twenty-three years old) took the floor, and made his famous maiden speech⁴—a speech of some two thousand words—"upstanding, militant words, aglow with the flames of the weavers' own fires."⁵ And whether one be red, or white, or only an intermediate, pink, it is impossible to read the speech, deeply charged as it is with humanitarian sentiment, without being stirred.

Facing a largely hostile chamber, Byron began propitiatingly enough: "To enter into any detail of the riots would be superfluous: the House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed, has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Nottinghamshire, not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence; and on the day I left the county I was informed that forty frames had been broken the preceding evening, as usual without resistance and without detection."

The conservative chamber might well have felt assured from so conciliatory a beginning, but as Lord Byron continued, his sentences became charged with biting irony. He spoke of the efforts of large detachments of the military and of the police, which had led to nothing more fruitful than the detecting of "several notorious delinquents, . . . men liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of poverty; men who had been nefariously guilty of lawfully begetting several children, whom, thanks to the times, they were unable to maintain." In irony he continued, that the displaced workmen "in the foolishness of their hearts imagined that the maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor were objects of greater consequence than the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement, in the implements of trade, which threw the workmen out of employment."

He pointed out on the one hand that the product of these new machines, inferior in quality to the hand-product, was not marketable at home, and, with no prospect of export, lay rotting in warehouses. He cast bitter blame upon the policy of war, fostered by great statesmen, that had produced so cursed an economic situation as to deprive these working men of their daily bread. He pointed out the different standards of justice for members of Parliament and for the workingman. "But while the exalted offender can

⁴ Hansard, XXI, 966-972.

⁵ Raymond, p. 41.

find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread for the wretched mechanic who is famished into guilt."

He pointed out the willingness of these men to dig, "but the spade was in other hands; to beg, but there was none to relieve them." He alluded to connivance on the part of employers in the destruction of the frames, and demanded that such principals should be likewise punished. He pleaded the cause of deliberation and conciliation, rather than "the passing of sentences wholesale and the signing of death-warrants blindfold."

In words that remind the American reader of events closer at home, back in the days of Braddock, Byron described the fruitless marchings and counter-marchings of the military, who "arrived at their destination, in all 'the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' . . . just in time to witness the mischief which had been done, and ascertain the escape of the perpetrators . . . and return to their quarters amidst the derision of old women and the hootings of children, . . ."

He upbraided his fellow lords, "good, easy men," for sitting down to enjoy foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity, and reminded them of the worth of this "mob" at the base of the pyramid: "It is the mob that labor in your fields and serve in your houses, that man your navy, and recruit your army, that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair."

He pointed out in words of stinging rebuke that a mere tithe of the sums furnished with such alacrity for the succor of England's allies and the carrying out of her foreign policy would relieve the distressed workingmen of their own homeland, whose plight was worse than that of any he had seen abroad: "I have traversed the seat of war in the peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey, but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a Christian country." And yet, the only remedy they were proposing, against men so wretched of starvation that they had braved bayonets—was the gibbet! But—even supposing the bill passed, and such weavers, meager with famine, sullen with despair, and careless of life, were dragged into court under the new law, Byron believed that there would still remain two things wanting to convict and condemn them: "twelve butchers for a jury, and a Jeffries for a judge."

It was an effective speech, on a dramatic subject, and dramatically delivered. "The best speech by a lord," as Sir Francis B. Raymond commented, "since the lord knows when!"

In the *Vorspiel* of his *Maschinenstürmer*, Toller casts Lord Byron's speech into free blank verse. He adheres closely to Byron's thought and expression. Dramatic concentration and effectiveness are secured by condensing the speech to some two and a half pages, and by representing Byron as standing solitary and alone against a hostile House of Lords. It is not historically true, however, that Byron stood thus alone. The bill was valiantly opposed by Lord Grenville; also by the Earl of Grosvenor, the Marquis of Douglas, the

Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Lauderdale, and the Earl of Roslyn. The division on the issue of postponement was 17 for, 32 against. Whereupon the bill, slightly modified, was read a second time, committed for the following Monday, and on that date (March 2, 1812) passed. On that same day there appeared in the morning papers⁶ a poem. That its lines were from the pen of Lord Byron, and published by his particular request, was not publicly acknowledged until some 78 years later:

ODE TO THE FRAMERS OF THE FRAME BILL

Oh, well done Lord E[ldo]n! and better done, R[yde]r!
 Brittaina must prosper with councils like yours;
 Hawkesbury, Harrowby, help you to guide her,
 Whose remedy only must kill ere it cures:
 Those villains, the weavers, are all grown refractory,
 Asking some succor for Charity's sake —
 So hang them in clusters round each manufactory,
 That will at once put an end to *mistake*.
 The rascals, perhaps, may betake them to robbing,
 The dogs to be sure have got nothing to eat —
 So if we can hang them for breaking a bobbin,
 'Twill save all the Government's money and meat.
 Men are more easily made than machinery —
 Stockings fetch better prices than lives —
 Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the scenery,
 Showing how Commerce, how Liberty, thrives.

* * * *

Some folks, for certain, have thought it shocking,
 When Famine appeals and when Poverty groans,
 That Life should be valued at less than a stocking
 And breaking of frames lead to breaking of bones.
 If it should prove so, I trust, by this token,
 (And who will refuse to partake of the hope?)
 That the frames of the fools may be first to be broken,
 Who, when asked for a remedy, sent down a rope.

"Wille zur Macht" has been presented as the basal instinct of life. If in earlier periods political control of the earth's surface was the goal of nations, today it is rather economic control. If in dramas of the older type the greed of nobles and of rulers for dominance and power furnished the motivation, today, to the extent that the proletariat has crowded out not only the nobleman but also the middle-class citizen, the coveting of economic goods has become the basal *motiv*. In his quest for dominance over nature, in his striving for release from the slavery of labor, for comfort, for goods to consume, man created machinery. But the Machine, once set up, turned with brutal ambition, an end in itself, and began the consumption of man. The Frankenstein monster built to serve — demanded service. Tearing man from the soil and from the quiet blessing of individual handicraft, the machine drew him in ever-increasing numbers into the factories, dominating him both physically and spiritually, dictating his needs and his interests, re-

⁶ *Morning Chronicle*. Quoted from Raymond, p. 46 f.

ducing him to the level of its own wheels, screws, and cogs, and instilling into his bosom the very essence of its own soulless being: mechanization. And in these great modern factories, machinery has created for its "masters", as the very pinnacle of its "achievement", the munitions industry and — the annihilating scourge of mankind, modern mechanized welfare.⁷ This general subject-matter relates *Die Maschinenstürmer* to a whole sea of 19th century literature — lyrics, novels, and dramas — that has been so effectively surveyed by Professor Solomon Liptzin in his monograph *The Weavers in German Literature*,⁸ as well as to numerous plays of our contemporary period: to Toller's own earlier play *Masse-Mensch*, Hauptmann's *Die Weber*, the writings of Hans W. Fischer (in particular his essay *Die Invasion der Natur* and his play *Motor*) and to Georg Kaiser's dramatic trilogy *Die Koralie*, *Gas I*, and *Gas II*.

Critics have commented upon Toller's weakness in independent invention. Thus Arnold points out⁹ the striking dependence of his play *Der entfesselte Wotan* upon Wedekind, and of his *Der deutsche Hinkemann* upon Büchner. A single careful reading of *Die Maschinenstürmer* is sufficient to show us in this play again Toller's high degree of dependence upon contemporary plays. A detailed analysis may be worth while.

Although in Kaiser's *Koralie* the working-man in his blue jumper exclaims:

Das System hat mich ruiniert — jeden ruiniert das System — die unmenschliche Ausnützung der Leistungsfähigkeit. Der Andrang ist ja groß genug — darum muß man schnell verbraucht werden, um Platz zu schaffen, (p. 10).

it is rather in *Gas I* that he graphically pictures the automatization of man in the presence of the Frankenstein machine. The Girl tells her Brother:

Ein Mensch ging morgens aus dem Hause und kam abends — und schlief. Oder er ging abends weg und war morgens zurück — und schlief! — Eine Hand war groß — die andere klein. Die große Hand schlief nicht. Die stieß in einer Bewegung hin und her — Tag und Nacht. Die fraß an ihm und wuchs aus seiner ganzen Kraft. Diese Hand war der Mensch. (p. 77 f.)

Similarly the wife describes the work of her mechanized Husband, who rolls back and forth on the mill-carriage:

Vorwärts — und rückwärts — rückwärts — vorwärts — der Mann rollt mit. Der Man rollt mit — weil der Fuß an ihm ist. Bloß sein Fuß ist wichtig — der tritt den Schaltblock — auf Stillstand und Antrieb — tritt und tritt und tritt schon ohne Mann, der mitrollt. Wenn nur nicht der Fuß so fest an dem Mann wäre! Der Mann könnte leben — aber sein Fuß hält ihn auf dem Triebwagen, der vorwärts und rückwärts rollt — tagein tagaus mit dem Manne am Fuß. (p. 82)

Kaiser's *Gas I* was written in 1918 and staged in 1919. It was just one year later that Toller wrote his *Maschinenstürmer*, in which he picks up this *motiv*, and uses almost identical language.

⁷ Cf. Karl Lehmann: *Vom Drama unserer Zeit*. Leipzig, Dietrich, 1924. pp. 45 ff.

⁸ *Hesperia*, No. 16. Baltimore, Johns Hopkins Press, 1926.

⁹ *Das deutsche Drama*. München, Beck, 1925. p. 799.

Albert:

Wie eine Höllenzange
 Packt euch der Dämon Dampf . . .
 Reißt euch das Herze aus dem Leib . . .
 Und sägt und sägt und sägt
 In Stücke den lebendigen Körper.
 Du Charles wirst Bein: Du trittst . . .
 Du trittst . . . Du trittst dein ganzes Leben
 Und deine Arme werden schlaff,
 Die Augen blind, der Rücken krumm . . .
 Du Georges wirst Hand und knüpfst . . .
 Und deine Ohren werden taub . . . Dein Hirn verdorrt . . .
 Dein Blut gerinnt . . . (p. 40)

Again, in Act V (Toller's play) the striking weavers believe they hear the machine laugh, in the mad engineer:

Hihuhaha . . .
 Ich aber sage euch, die Maschine ist nicht tot . . .
 Sie lebt! sie lebt! . . . Ausstreckt sie die Pranken,
 Menschen umklammernd . . . krallend die zackigen Finger
 Ins blutende Herz . . . Hihuhaha . . . hihuhaha . . .

Und es leitet ein grausames Uhrwerk die Menschen
 In freudlosem Takte . . .
 Ticktack der Morgen, ticktack der Mittag,
 Ticktack der Abend . . .
 Einer ist Arm, einer ist Bein . . . einer ist Hirn . . .
 Und die Seele, die Seele . . . ist tot . . . (p. 112)

In *Die Koralie*, the springing of the white cat, that is, the devastating explosion of gas, the formula of which checks and yet refuses to check, and again in *Gas II* where the Frankenstein Machine turns out munitions for the final world war that brings all civilization to ruins, Kaiser pictures the machine as beyond the control of man who made it. Toller expresses the same thought in symbolized form, when both in *Masse-Mensch* (65 f.) and in *Die Maschinenstürmer* (122) he indicates the blamelessness of man and places the guilt upon God.

It is in its relationship to Hauptmann's *Die Weber*, however, that we desire in particular to scrutinize Toller's play, which, although its material has a different historical setting (the revolt of the English weavers in 1812 rather than the Silesian weavers' uprising in 1844) is nevertheless so directly comparable. It is the common consensus of criticism that in *Die Weber* Hauptmann accomplished the highest achievement of naturalistic drama, and one of the highest pinnacles of world literature. He is an undaunted soul who undertakes to create, after Hauptmann, another weavers' play, thus inevitably inviting comparison. Toller is the first who has had the hardihood to assume this risk.

Toller makes no attempt to follow Hauptmann in form. While Hauptmann sets the highest standard of fidelity to the language of life that could well be achieved, Toller attempts no realism whatever, and no psychological individualization nor speech-differentiation between his characters. His weavers,

his children of the gutter, and even the Beggar, together with the capitalistic representatives, all speak alike a standard language. The prose that is used in general in the play yields here and there to rhythmic lines. This is appropriately done sometimes to heighten the artistic effect, as in the excellent speech of Lord Byron in the Vorspiel, or in the passage in which Jimmy, arguing the cause of the workmen with manufacturer Ure, unrealistically mounts to a long, sustained passage of Shakespearian tone (p. 71). There seems much less justification for having the benighted and greedy exploiter carry on the argument with the idealistic labor leader in similar rhythmic language (p. 72). The highest bit of realism in any speech in the play is in the words spoken by Arthur, one of the weavers' mob, as he lifts his spade to attack the machine. It is not characterized by so much as the clipping of a 't' from a nicht, but solely by the spacing of words. Arthur:

Ich . . . ich . . . k . . . kann . . . nicht . . . reden . . . so . . .
so . . . wie John und Jimmy . . . Aber . . . aber . . . Artur . . . der
kann . . . seinen . . . Spaten nehmen . . . und . . . und sich nicht
fürchten . . . und . . . und seinen Mann stellen . . . und . . . zu-
schlagen. (p. 110)

And while speaking of realism, we may note, in passing, that Toller does not hesitate to employ lengthy monolog (p. 50).

Kaiser, in his drama *Gas*, enters upon the problem of the leadership of labor, which he supplies from above, in the person of the multi-millionaire's son. Toller devotes his *Masse-Mensch* to this problem, showing that he who goes to the masses to serve them is sacrificed by them. The leadership which Hauptmann supplies in *Die Weber*, in the person of the army sergeant Moritz Jaeger, is entirely incidental. Jaeger does not stand head and shoulders above the crowd, but emerges only for moments. He is pretty much one with the weavers, save for the fact that his military service has given him a bit of experience and independence, and has placed a few dollars and a nickel watch in his pockets. In Toller's *Maschinenstürmer*, however, the entire emphasis is placed upon the leader, Jimmy Cobbett. His is the first word of the play, and his brutal death at the hands of the striking workmen to whose cause he had devoted his life furnishes the final scene. Throughout the play it is through the mouth of Jimmy that Toller preaches his economic and political creed. And here we come upon an essential difference between the two weaver plays.

The question whether Hauptmann's play *Die Weber* is a *Tendenzdrama* has long since been worn threadbare. Although from the first the play was taken as a party document and was persistently measured by other than artistic considerations, time has cleared away misjudgment, and criticism is in accord that this is a pure work of art, unburdened by preachment or teachment. Toller's play, on the other hand, affords the sharpest contrast as a social-political tendency play. In *Die Maschinenstürmer*, everything centers about the figure of the warm-hearted, idealistic Irishman whose life is devoted to the preaching of the cause of a laboring class united against capitalism.

Jimmy, born in Nottingham, is by origin one with the weavers to whom

he seeks to give leadership. His father was a stocking weaver, and Jimmy, as well as his brother Henry, grew up in the weavers' trade. He becomes a *studierter Arbeiter* (p. 95). He has travelled extensively in England and on the continent, studying the labor movement (p. 21), filled with a love for suffering humanity, and on fire for the cause of its alleviation through organization. By the weavers, however, he is felt to be an outsider. "Er ist . . . mag er auch zu uns stehen . . . kein Arbeitsmann mehr. Er kann lesen und schreiben wie die Herren." (p. 88); much as in *Die Weber* Der alte Baumert says of — or rather to — their leader Moritz: "Moritz, du bist unser Mann. Du kannst lesen und schreiben." (p. 325). Far wiser than the benighted workmen who seek a solution of their misery through destruction of the machines, Jimmy knows that in the forward march of man's economic development there is no reverse gear: "Ich weiß," he tells them, "daß die Maschine unser unentrinnbar Schicksal ist." He preaches not the destruction, but the mastery of the machine: "Und der Tyrann Maschine, besiegt vom Geiste schaffender Menschen . . . wird euer Werkzeug, wird euer Diener!" (p. 45). The road to such mastery he sees in the dethronement of Mammon in behalf of Man, in the *Gemeinschaft allen Werkvolks*, in the patient building up of an international solidarity of all workers for the accomplishment of a peaceful economic revolution. (p. 46). But Jimmy goes to his destruction because his dreams are too idealistic for his day. His working-men are not super-men, gods, capable of adherence at the cost of life to a great altruistic cause. Working-men are no more wise, courageous, upright, loyal, unselfish, and enduring — than men! His last words, after the mob to whom he had dedicated himself has struck him down and spat upon him, words as generous and forgiving in spirit as those of a crucified Christ, are a final cry in behalf of his vision (p. 117).

While each of these plays, *Die Weber* and *Die Maschinenstürmer*, is from the pen of an apostle of the love of fellow-man, the one, as we have just seen, is created in the spirit of pure art, while the other is yoked to the service of social-political teaching. This is their fundamental difference; what are their similarities?

Hauptmann represents the exploiter in the character of the hard-hearted factory owner Dreißiger. Toller parallels this character in the factory owner Ure. Just as in Hauptmann's play the tool of oppression is the business manager Expedient Pfeiffer, so in Toller it is Ure's manager, Henry Cobbett. In each case, the manager has worked up out of the weavers' class, and he out-Caesars Caesar. As Manufacturer Ure explains (p. 103): "Mit Aufsehern, die ehemalige Arbeiter waren, machten wir die besten Erfahrungen. Sie lösen rasch alle Beziehungen zu ihren früheren Kamaraden und assimilieren sich. Sie sind gewissenhaft, zuverlässig, unbeugsam streng und leisten uns ausgezeichnete Dienste."

Hauptmann's Hornig expresses in a single sentence the human longing felt by all the weavers: "A jeder Mensch hat halt eine Sehnsucht." (p. 348). Ned Lud puts it for Toller's weavers: "Ein jeder Mensch auf Gottes Erde hat ein natürlich Recht zu leben . . ." (p. 22).

In *Die Weber* a government representative is sent to investigate conditions, which he glosses over:

Da kommt so a Herr von der Regierung, der alles schon besser weiß, wie wenn a's gesehn hätte. Der geht aso a bissel im Dorfe 'rum, wo . . . de scheensten Häuser sein . . . Und da schreibt a nach Berlin, 's wär und wär eemal keene Not nicht. (p. 339 F.)

In *Die Maschinenstürmer* likewise a *Regierungsvertreter* comes to inspect conditions in Ure's factory, with similar futile results (p. 101 ff.).

Alcohol plays a like rôle among the workers in each play, and it is made clear that it is not the cause, but the effect, of their misery.

Poverty, in each play, produces child labor in its worst forms. When in Hauptmann's play the boy falls from exhaustion and hunger in Dreißiger's office, the blame is cast — not upon the exploitation, but upon the avarice of the exploited parents. Dreißiger:

Es ist rein unbegreiflich, wie Menschen . . . wie Eltern so unvernünftig sein können . . . ich werde einfach müssen die Einrichtung treffen, daß Kindern überhaupt die Ware nicht mehr abgenommen wird. (p. 309).

In much the same language Toller's factory owner Ure casts the blame upon parental greed:

Der niedrige Lohn ist des Fabrikanten einziges Abwehrmittel gegen gierige Eltern. Die schickten sonst uns ihre Kinder schon mit einem Jahr in die Fabrik. Es gibt keine schlimmeren Ausbeuter als Arbeitereltern. Die treiben geradezu Raubbau an der Arbeitskraft und Gesundheit ihrer Kinder. (p. 102).

In each play the starving people seek to glean bits of food from the streets. Thus, in *Die Weber*, an old weaver picks up a few grains of pearl-barley (p. 309), and the children scratch around with the geese in the manure-heap (p. 339); while Toller's children find a crust of bread in the gutter (p. 13). Children cry for food alike in each play, and just as four year old Fritz looks towards his grandfather, "Der alte Baumert," in hope for bread (p. 314), so Teddy begs bread from his grandfather, "Der alte Reaper" (p. 33 f.). And while Hauptmann's Familie Baumert in its extremity slaughters the pet dog Ami for food (p. 304), Toller's family Wible considers the capture and eating of a mole (p. 35).

Toller's character, "Der alte Reaper," is strongly reminiscent of Hauptmann's "Der alte Hilse." Through all suffering, Hilse remains anchored in his religion and his trust in God. The play ends with Hilse's death by a stray bullet. Der alte Reaper, with partially deranged mind, is constantly seeking God. He, too, ends the play, but with an arraignment of his deity: "Gott ist die Maschine!", and the delusion that in the death of Jimmy he has helped to slay the son of God. (p. 122 f.)

Hauptmann's weavers complain of leaking roofs: "Den Leut'n gehts gar sehr kimmerlich. — Den regnet's in de Stube" (p. 308). And Toller's Mary Wible laments the same evil: "Zerschlissen ist das Moosdach. Regen tropft und quält uns in der Nacht. Das feuchte Stroh . . . (p. 36).

Herr Dreißiger, under the guise of benevolence, grinds his weavers down by the bringing in of extra labor:

Nun hab ich gehört (announces Dreißiger) daß sehr viele Weber hierum ganz ohne Arbeit sind . . . damit ihr den guten Willen seht . . . Ich bin also gern bereit, noch zweihundert Webern Beschäftigung zu geben. (p. 311 f.)

Ure, too, in Toller's play, imports labor::

Uns steht genug Material zur Verfügung, Arbeitslose, Waisenkin-
der, aus dem Armenhaus zu Carlton, Kinder, die Maschinenarbeit
kennen.

The curse of too many children is featured in Hauptmann's play, as when the office force sings the derisive song:

Die Leinweber haben alle Jahre ein Kind,
Alle walle, alle walle, puff, puff, puff. (p. 303)

and Wiegand comments: "Die setzen mehr Kinder in de Welt wie mer gebrauchen kenn'n (p. 331). In Toller's play one observes the over-abundance of children on every hand, and Margret informs her husband Ned Lud: "mir langt's an dreizehn Kindern, merk dir das . . ." (p. 80).

The church comes in for criticism in both plays — more specifically in Hauptmann, where the church acquiesces and even participates in the exploitation of the poor (p. 332), and Pastor Kittelhaus receives his judgment at the hands of the weavers in a severe beating (p. 360 f.). A specific charge of exploitation is lodged against the church in connection with burials. Wiegand reports to the commercial traveler in the hotel:

An so'nem großen Begräbnisfest, da hat die hohe Geistlichkeit ihre scheene Jebervorteilung. Desto zahlreicher so eine Grablegung gehand-
habt wird, je umfänglicher auch die Offertorien fließen. Wer die hiesi-
gen arbeitenden Verhältnisse kennt, der kann mit unmaßgeblicher Be-
stimmtheit behaupten, die Herren Farrer dulden bloß widerstreblich die
stillen Begräbnisse (p. 332).

The sentiment among Toller's weavers is also against the church, since here, too, it is aligned in its conservatism with the oppressors. The weaver Charles says: "In Kirchen wettern ihre Pfaffen gegen Streik, und hetzen uns die Weiber auf den Hals!" (p. 38); and there is direct intimation that the pastor's charge for a funeral is high, and might, under favorable circumstances, be reduced. Henry Cobble tells the weavers:

Ihr müßt heute für ein Begräbnis dem Herrn Pfarrer vier Schilling
zahlen . . . Nun käme eine Stunde, die diese frohe Botschaft brächte:
Der Herr Pfarrer beansprucht nur zwei Schilling . . . (p. 62).

It is not from Hauptmann's *Weber* that Toller borrows almost bodily his figure of Louis mit der Karre, but from *Sonnenaufgang*, where Hauptmann introduces the character "Baer, genannt Hopslabaer," who appears selling sand, pulling along his load in a child's wagon (p. 77). We cannot but recall this figure when Toller introduces his Louis: "Ein Mann mit einer vierrädrigen Karre, genannt Louis mit der Karre" (p. 57). True, this Louis mit der Karre does not sell sand, but is an *Abfallkehrer*.

There is in *Die Weber* no connivance on the part of the employer looking toward the destruction of machinery, but Dreißiger expresses the thought that destruction may serve the good purpose of opening the eyes of the government:

Man kann der Sache vielleicht sogar noch 'ne gute Seite abgewinnen. Solche Vorkommnisse werden vielleicht in den leitenden Kreisen nicht unbemerkt bleiben. Möglicherweise kommt man dort doch mal zu der Überzeugung, daß es so nicht mehr lange weitergehen kann, daß etwas geschehen muß, wenn unsre heimische Industrie nicht völlig zugrunde gehen soll. (p. 358).

This *motiv* is carried further in Toller's play. Manufacturer Ure declares:

Ich fürchte die Maschinenzerstörung nicht. Im Gegenteil. In einer Zeit wie der gegenwärtigen könnte der Tatbestand einer Maschinenzerstörung unsere Position festigen. Das würde der schlappen Regierung endlich die Augen öffnen. Der materielle Verlust würde ausgeglichen durch Aussicht auf geregelte, ordnungsgemäße Zukunft.

And through the traitorous weaver John Wible, Ure deliberately connives at, indeed instigates, the destruction of his machines.

Whereas most of us, when starving, would take without qualms of conscience a loaf of bread, Toller idealizes his weavers just as does Hauptmann, by the condemnation of the stealing of goods. There is in *Die Weber* the incident where, after the devastation of Dreißiger's house, Mielchen Hilse, like the other children, comes home with a silver spoon that she has picked up from the street — only to be sharply condemned by Der alte Hilse:

"'naus, Mädel, 'naus! Gleï machst, daß d' 'naus kommst. Wirscht du gleï folgen, oder soll ich a Priegel nehmen? Und den Leffel trägtst hin, wo d'n her hast . . . Willst du uns alle mitsammen zu Dieben machen, hä? (p. 369 f.)

And while the crying child is consoled by the mother, the father Gottlieb takes the spoon to turn it in to the authorities. Similarly, after the store-breaking by the women in *Die Maschinenstürmer*, Ned Lud condemns the stolen bread, over the bitter opposition of the mother: "Das Krämerbrot . . . geraubtes Brot! . . . ich leid' es nicht!" (p. 84) The *motiv* occurs again on p. 111, when a working-man steals a copper vessel, but is forced by Ned Lud to disgorge: "Wer plündert, wird erschossen!"

The women incite their men in *Die Maschinenstürmer* just as in *Die Weber*. They cast the very epithets used in Hauptmann's play. As Hauptmann's Luise cries out in her rage: "Lappärsche seid Ihr . . . aber keene Manne," (p. 374), so Toller's women cry "Lahmärsche seid ihr! Hätte keine Lust, mit euch die Nacht zu schlafen!" (p. 85) And just as Luise taunts and incites her husband Gottlieb into action:

Ja, ja, Gottlieb, kaffer' du dich hinter a Owen, in de Helle, nimm d'r an' Kochleffel in de Hand und 'ne Schissel vol Puttermilch uf de Knie, zieh d'r a Reckel an und sprich Gebete, so bist'n Vater recht. — Und das will a Mann sein? . . . Mit solchen Gebetbichl-Hengsten verliert erscht keene Zeit . . . Wo hätt ich an' Mann? Ich hab' gar keen'n Mann! (p. 381)

Just so, with almost identical words, Margret inflames her slow-moving Ned Lud into action:

Betet frommen Blickes Amen, wenn eure Frauen und Kinder in die Gruben fahren. Ned Lud wird Töpfe putzen. Ich geb' dir einen alten Unterrock. Zieh ihn dir an und flenne! (p. 89)

It is the song, the so-called *Blutgericht*, that kindles the smoldering em-

bers in the bosoms of Hauptmann's long-suffering weavers into flame (p. 327 f.) Parallel to this, Toller introduces an entirely similar song of proletarian oppression (p. 16 f.). And just as the *Blutgericht* is picked up and sung here and there by the marching revolvers, so too is the imitative song in *Die Maschinenstürmer* (p. 66).

Though mechanical weaving machines and their destruction figure by no means so prominently in *Die Weber* as in *Die Maschinenstürmer*, they are there. And once the revolting mob has wrecked Dreißiger's house and begins to march, it is at the destruction of these machines that they aim:

Bäcker: Von hier aus geh' mer nach Bielau 'nieber, zu Dittrichen, der de die mechan'schen Webstihle hat. Das ganze Elend kommt von a Fabriken. (p. 377).

The psychological touch which Hauptmann uses when the mob storms Dreißiger's house, Toller uses too when his strikers storm the machines: an initial moment of hesitation and awe:

Hauptmann: "Es erscheinen nun junge Weber und Webermädchen in der Flurtür, die nicht wagen einzutreten . . . Nach einigen Sekunden ist die Schüchternheit überwunden." (p. 363)

Toller: "Die Menge erblickt die Maschine. Überwältigt vom Wunder der Maschine, hält sie betroffen inne. Jähe Stille. (p. 105)

These many parallels between *Die Maschinenstürmer* and *Die Weber* sustain the charge that Toller leans with heavy dependence upon Hauptmann's great masterpiece. We find almost word-for-word borrowings also from other contemporary dramatists, in particular from Georg Kaiser. The Byronic period through which Hauptmann passed at the beginning of his career may well have led Toller's interest to the English lord. It is inevitable that Toller, attempting a play upon a topic so similar to Hauptmann's should have been strongly influenced by this dramatist, and that comparison should be overwhelmingly to the lesser man's disadvantage. But here we come again in closing upon the essential difference between the two weaver plays that was touched upon above. Hauptmann indulges in no critical reaction upon the destruction of the machines. He does not incite to revolution. He does not teach, he does not preach. His play ends in blank despair, with no outlook into the future. The socialist Ernst Toller, on the other hand, all aflame for the organization of the workers of the world into solidarity and their dethronement of capitalism, beholds the monster, Machine, humbled — on that coming day — into complete subservience to man:

Geschaffen vom Geist des Menschen!
Gebändigt vom Geist des Menschen!
Wer wider die Maschine kämpft,
Kämpft wider göttliche Vernunft!
Der Dämon Dampf ist überwunden
Und beugt sich dem Gesetz der Zahl.
Die Kraft, die menschenklammernde,
Gestürzt vom Throne der Tyrannen,
Gehorcht dem früh'ren Untertanen Mensch.
Den Elementen waret ihr versklavt,
Jetzt seid ihr Meister, königliche Meister.
Der Schöpfung letzte hohe Stunde
Wölbt Freiheitsbogen des Triumphs:
Der Mensch ward Herr der Erde!

FAUST-TRANSLATIONS AND FAUST-MOSAICS

A Reply

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The Mosaic-maker: *So shape I.*
His friend: *Thou hast it destroyed.*

In the October issue of this periodical there appeared an article extolling the advantages of composite versions made from certain English translations of Goethe's *Faust*. One cannot help feeling that the claims of the author should not go unchallenged. How can it be said that a method for the more adequate translation of Goethe has been devised, when the specimens offered have the Earth-Spirit speak of "a glowing living," when they accept blatant Germanisms such as "That is a storming" or "Brightlier build it," and when the most unimaginative padding "The Godhead's live garment, *eternal in bloom*" is included? It may be pardonable to wonder if it is really Gretchen who, in the model mosaic, speaks the lines:

My wretched head
Has lost its wits,
My wretched sense
Is all in bits.

Something, to be sure, is in bits, but it is Goethe's poetry more probably than Gretchen's head. Poor Gretchen, her speech is loaded with all the tortuous inversions and the archaisms that the more recent, and better, translators avoid. "My chamber keeping, I weep," she says, and we are relieved to find her admission that sometimes "The house I quit." She watches for "the brightsome morrow" and prays to be rescued "from fell disgrace." By way of contrast we hear of a:

Maiden disdainful,
Scorner still vainer,
Fain would I gain her!

"Scorner still vainer" is excellent. Why does not Faust, too, use these words in reply to the Earth-Spirit's magnificent boast of "So shape I?" The Chorus of Spirits is right: "Woe! woe! Thou hast it destroyed."

However, to be as serious as the circumstances permit: The author of the article claims:

(1) that preservation of the "mechanics of sound" on the part of the translator is the best guarantee of fidelity to the poem's spirit, if not to its sense;

(2) that length, movement and rhyme of a line of poetry correspond to intensity, pitch and quality of a musical sound;

(3) that the list of translations from which his mosaic lines are culled is representative; and, finally,

(4) that his eclectic renderings are better than the versions of any individual translator.

I propose to take up these claims in reverse order, excepting the last, which I shall leave till the end.

First, then, the adduced translations are *not* representative. Of the fifty-odd English translators of *Faust*, Part One, the author names thirteen. Four

of these he eliminates because they have not shown a proper respect for form, so that nine remain. The dates¹ of publication of these nine translations range from 1835 (Talbot) to 1889 (Huth). Only two translators of any standing are contained in this list, Anna Swanwick and Taylor.² None of the eleven verse translations that have appeared since the turn of the century is considered, and only one is mentioned. Yet these more recent translations are, on the whole, superior to the efforts of the nineteenth century. Later translators have profited by the pertinent and helpful criticisms of Hauhart, Haskell and Baumann.³ They are more cautious in the use of padding, they largely eschew inversions, archaisms, and what has been aptly described as the Latinization of *Faust*. Above all, and this is the essential point, several of them approach their task with a genuine poetic enthusiasm and a poetic gift which was not possessed by the earlier translators. Raphael, Stawell and Dickinson, Shawcross, and, to a lesser extent, Latham and Andrews have grasped that in the translation of poetry only one matter is of supreme importance: the poetry must not be allowed to evaporate in the process. All else is secondary. Something of the freshness, the immediacy, the eternal youth of Goethe's verse is thus preserved by the more recent translators. How their renderings compare with the mosaics will be shown at the end.

Secondly, the supposed likeness of a line of poetry with a musical sound is a myth. A line of poetry is at least as much as a bar, often as much as a phrase, of music. Now in a bar or a phrase of music the chief characteristics are not intensity, pitch and quality, but the movement, the sweep, the interrelation of the individual sounds. Its essence can be found only by considering it as a whole, not by isolating intensity, pitch and quality of the sounds of which it is made up. Is it really necessary to quote the lines from *Faust*:

Wer will was Lebendiges erkennen und beschreiben,
Sucht erst den Geist herauszutreiben,
Dann hat er die Teile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band.

It is much more true of music than of literature that the form, the expression,

¹ According to W. F. Hauhart, *The Reception of Goethe's Faust in England in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century*. New York, Columbia University Press, 1909; Lina Baumann, *Die Englischen Übersetzungen von Goethes Faust*. Halle, Niemeyer, 1907; and Victoria Mueller, *Goethe's Faust in English Translation*. M. A. Diss., University of Toronto, 1929 (unpublished).

² Compare Hauhart's scathing remarks on Talbot and Knox, Juliana Haskell's indictment of Taylor (*Bayard Taylor's Translation of Goethe's Faust*. New York 1908), and Lina Baumann's comments on Talbot ("ängstlich und kleinlich . . . konventionelle Lyrik"), Knox ("er ist mit dem Deutschen nicht vertraut"), Swanwick ("eine starke Neigung zum Konventionellen"), Brooks ("Füllsel, die der betreffenden Stimmung nicht angepaßt sind"), Webb ("höchst unpoetisch, oft geschmacklos"), Claudy (Westminster Review: "It is German-English in language"), and Huth ("eine gekünstelte, fremd und unsympathisch anmutende, veraltete Übersetzung"). Perhaps, after all, they are representative, but of what?

³ Lina Baumann, p. 101 says that McIntock prepared his translation without any preconceived ideas as to the theory of translating. She must have overlooked his paper on *The Five Best Translations of Faust*, but she would not have liked it any better than his translation. It appeared in the *Transactions of the Manchester Goethe Society*, 1887, pp. 127 ff., and discusses Anster, Blackie, Martin, Swanwick and Taylor.

is at the same time the essence, what is expressed. But even music cannot be analyzed sound by sound in an attempt to find its meaning. Much less is it possible to regard length, position of stresses and rhyme as the essential features of a line of poetry.

Thirdly, the value of a poetic translation, and even its fidelity to the original, do *not* in the first place depend upon an accurate reproduction of the "mechanics of sound." Length, movement and rhyme of Goethe's lines serve a definite purpose, they are there not for their own sakes, but to express something. To express that same *something* in English, it will in many cases be found that different length, movement and rhyme are needed. Dr. Haskell⁴ made out a very strong case against Bayard Taylor on exactly this score. Formal fidelity was his fetish, and what he attained was never worth the price he paid. Padding and a frantic search for unstressed syllables⁵ to compensate for the German inflections are the inescapable result of the line-, rhyme- and metre-preserving method of translation, a method which Brooks initiated and Taylor elaborated. It is therefore not surprising to find that Brooks and Taylor between them account for exactly half the lines (40 out of a total of 80) of the mosaics offered in the article. An especially unlovely example of a forced feminine rhyme is found in the couplet:

A Demi-god dares to assail it!
We trail it,

which is taken from Webb and included in one of the "eclectic" versions. Inversion is another device by which the "faithful" translators achieve agreement with the metre of the original, or at times obtain any verse at all. Here are two samples from recent translations which show in a telling fashion what it can do to the poetry of a line:

1748 Sundered is of the thought the thread.
1940 chemistry
 Makes a mock of herself and naught of it knows she.

Yet, if a larger issue were not involved, it would not be worth-while to add examples to what Miss Haskell has really demonstrated beyond doubt. One may well ask if the bugbear of formal agreement between original and translation should not be discredited even more completely than it is by her. It is not merely a question of avoiding bad padding, harsh inversions or unsuitable inflectional forms, but of defeating the theory of translation which gave rise to them. To give an example, the couplet:

The world is all
Turned into gall

⁴ Haskell, *op. cit.*, pp. 22 ff., 40 ff.

⁵ The progressive form instead of a plain tense form is an especial favourite with translators of this type. A rhyme such as *is showing : is glowing* can never be anything but stilted and absurd in English, and the boast that the feminine rhyme of the German original has been preserved is idle in the face of the loss in directness. Haskell, pp. 43, 44 and 46 names other common devices to obtain unstressed syllables or feminine rhymes. Cf. also Hauhart, p. 84.

⁶ The lines are Van der Smitten's (1926) and Todhunter's (1924), respectively.

is one of the oldest and most widely accepted in English *Faust* translations.⁷ It is as close to the original in literal equivalents, rhyme, length of the line and metre as any translation could ever hope to get. Yet the effect is very different. In the first place, *vergällen* is an established metaphor in German, the word means hardly more than *verderben*, 'spoil.' But "gall" for some bitter or sad experience is not equally common, and rhyming with "all" it sounds all too glib. There is a loss of ease and naturalness, to say the least. The same is true of the relation of the two lines. With Goethe they are really one, there is no break after *Welt* and the rhyme is not emphatic. In the English, although the two lines make one sentence here too, there is a definite pause after "all" which is not commonly used as a predicate adjective. Thus the lines seem even shorter than in the German, the rhyme gains an undue prominence and harshness, and the whole couplet has a tinkling, thin, cheap effect. An unknown English poet could not make a reputation by writing this sort of verse. Not only questions of prosody, but also literary traditions and conventions enter into this. English verse has, on the whole, tended to use longer lines and rolling, sweeping, ample phrases, whereas the bulk of German poetry, in the nineteenth century at least, was content to use the simple four-stress line of the folksong. The charm of Gretchen's spinning song, or of Hofmannsthal's celebrated *Vorfrühling*, simply cannot be recaptured in English by the use of the same short metre. At least there is no evidence that it can, in the more than fifty attempts at rendering the former. Nursery rhymes, and nonsense poetry, or perhaps the verse of a mountebank may employ extremely short lines, but not serious English poetry. What is simple, fresh, and therefore touching in the German, sounds silly or comical in the English.

To return to our example. Some translators, at least, realized that faithfulness to the form in this case meant treachery to the poet. Coxwell (1932) changes the rhyme-scheme, to get away from the tinkling effect, but still writes execrable poetry:

Him not to see
Has brought death's pall;
The world for me
Has turned to gall.

Cookson (1927) also substitutes *abab* for *aabb* in the original, he drops the

⁷ Found in Brooks (1856), Claudy (1886), Andrews (written before 1916, published in 1929), Priest (1932), Shawcross (1934). The following are slight variations, but hardly improvements:

The world is gall
And bitterness all
Taylor (1870)

The world is all
Turned for me to gall
Todhunter (1924)

The wide world all
Is turned to gall
McLintock (1897)

The sweet world all
Is turned to gall
Latham (1902)

The world and all
Is turned to gall
Van der Smitten (1926)

It will be noted that McIntock, Latham and Van der Smitten achieved the final triumph of having both their lines scan exactly like Goethe's. Van der Smitten excels the other two because "world" is really too heavy a word for an unstressed syllable. His line is also the most inane, but what does it matter?

simile of "gall" and avoids the word "grave," but the gain is nullified by the flatness of his rendering:

The world without him
Would bitter be;
Life without him
Were death to me.

Martin (1865), much abused for his inclination to paraphrase instead of seeking for literal equivalents, is definitely better:

Where he is not,
Is the grave to me,
The whole world's changed
Ah, bitterly.⁸

Alice Raphael (1930) has:

My life is a grave
When he is not near
And all the world
Is bitter and drear.

This, I think, is the most acceptable rendering of those quoted. Cookson, Martin and Raphael all use "bitter," which is really the truer equivalent of *vergällt* than the literal, "gall." Miss Raphael has the smoothest lines and her transition from the third to the last line is as easy as Goethe's. She and Martin have further deviated from the rhyme-scheme by only rhyming lines two and four. I cannot see that much is lost. One would have wished that they had also avoided the word "grave," and there is no reason why Martin could not have dropped the word "whole." He would have been yet a little nearer to Goethe's smoothness and directness, and no loss in meaning would be suffered.

It is interesting to see what Phillips and Carr made of our passage in their free adaptation for the English stage (1908). They were not thinking of the bookish student who may be expected to get a thrill out of literalness and formal adherence to the original, scurrying to and fro between the German and English texts. If they wanted to escape the guffaws of the pit, they had to offer English words in English lines to their audience. Their version is sadly lacking in inspiration, but they have chosen a long line, changed the metre (not altogether happily) and substituted for the "gall" metaphor one which rings truer in the British Isles:

If he be not near me, the world is a grave
And bitter as is the sea-wave.

One would not wish to quote this as an ideal translation, though, bad as the execution may be, the underlying principle is right.

⁸ Martin, of course, wrote before Taylor raised metrical fidelity to the dignity of a panacea which was to cure all a translator's ills. So did Anster (1835) and Swanwick (1850), but theirs are among the most pitiful versions, especially the latter which combines the faults of the literal translators with a wretched identical rhyme:

The place where he is not
To me is the tomb,
The world is sadness
And sorrow and gloom.

Anster.

Where him I have not
Is the grave to me
And bitter as gall
The whole world to me.

Swanwick.

Well now, here we have the "collaboration of translators" that the mosaic-maker calls for, and what is the result. Sixteen translators are spell-bound by a metrical pattern that does not give them any scope. They juggle the same hackneyed words round and round in a vain effort to improve upon their predecessors, and never seem to realize that, if only they dared to abandon Goethe's metre, they would win through into the open and might write poetry worthy of him. They, indeed, are:

Von einem bösen Geist im Kreis herumgeführt
Und rings umher liegt schöne grüne Weide.

What is wanted, therefore, is not more of that slavish imitation of metres and rhythmic patterns which has stultified the labour of many a capable translator, but more independence, a better understanding of the poetic function of a given metre in a foreign original. The translator's task and duty are to produce, as nearly as possible, the same poetic effect, not the same metre. It must be left to his skill and inspiration to find adequate means for doing this, no matter how different his means may be from those employed by the original poet. Only when this is done, will the reader cease to be bewildered by translations that purport to bring to him the poetry of a great foreign author, and which he cannot but think inferior to the second-rate in his native literature.

The truth is that even the modern innovators and rebels against Taylor's principles are extremely conservative, not to say timid. Of the ten complete translations produced in our century all but Cookson's strive for metrical fidelity, in theory if not always in practice. Unfortunately, Cookson's version is good only where the casual, colloquial or flippant expression is in place. He fails entirely in the more serious portions. Of the rest, Raphael and Shawcross at least have thrown off the shackles of feminine rhymes. The translation by Shawcross I should consider the best now available of Part One, with Raphael a close second.⁹ Stawell and Dickinson, who have merely translated fragments, go much farther in asserting their freedom from the demands of formal and verbal imitation. Many of their renderings surpass those of Shawcross and Raphael. With them, at least, one feels at ease, the natural cadence of English speech asserts itself, and the choice of words is that of an educated speaker of English, not cramped by the boggy of literal equivalents.

Andrews, in the Preface to his translation, offers the following quotation from Goethe: "Form is necessarily united with the interior existence of the material. Poetical forms have great and mysterious effects. Reflection will demand that form, material, and content be adapted to each other, and that they interpenetrate each other."¹⁰ Pronouncements such as these, carelessly read, gave rise to the theory that fidelity to the externals of a foreign original

⁹ Carl F. Schreiber's appreciation of Raphael in his pamphlet, *A Note on Faust Translations*, New York, Cape, 1930.

¹⁰ The German is found in Eckermann's *Gespräche*, February 25, 1824. For Goethe's opinions on translation see *Maximen und Reflexionen* (Weimar edition vol. 42, pp. 149, 251), and Hauhart's quotations (*op. cit.*, p. 86) from *Dichtung und Wahrheit* and from *Noten und Abhandlungen zu besserem Verständnis des Westöstlichen Divans*.

is the golden road of the translator, and that it ensures an adequate rendering of the poetic quality also. But is it not clear that Goethe said exactly the opposite? If form, material and content must be adapted to each other, they must be so adapted by the translator as well as by the author. The translator cannot claim that the author has done that part of the work, once and for all. His form is different from the original, it is a different tongue with its own genius, history and conventions. To bring out material and content without falsifying them, he has to duplicate the author's pains, he has to find new forms — forms that have as great and mysterious an effect as had the author's, and that recreate the unity of the three.

A quality which it is difficult to define, but which every discerning reader recognizes at once, constitutes the true essence of a poem: its poetry. From this there follows that nothing less than English poetry can be accepted as a valid translation of celebrated poetry in a foreign language. Unfortunately, it also follows that it takes a poet to translate poetry, and that his product cannot be more than an approximation to the original. It is conceded by almost everyone that a translation, at least in some respects, offers less than the original. The only way to compensate for the loss is to have a translator who, in other respects, is able to offer more. It is time that someone had the courage to say this. The hypocritical excuse that the original must not be distorted, perverted or wronged opens the door to the mediocre and shuts it to the inspired. As if there could be any worse perversion than the translation of a great poet in inferior verse! Cookson, we have said, threw respect for the form of the original to the winds, and his translation is often wretched. Shelley, however, did the same, and his rendition of the *Walpurgisnacht* is, in many ways, still the best we have. Even Bayard Taylor admitted this.¹¹

The pioneer of English Goethe criticism put the problem and the crux of all *Faust* translation in a nutshell. His words are timely, and they should encourage us to entrust the translator's task to a poet,¹² even if his translation should come near to being "a tragedy of his own."

To exhibit in a different tongue any tolerable copy of the external graces of this drama (sc. *Faust*), the marvellous felicity of its language, and the ever-varying, ever-expressive rhythm of its verse, would demand the exercise of all that is rarest and most valuable in a poet's art; while the requisite familiarity of such thoughts and feelings as it embodies could not exist but in conjunction with nearly all that is rarest and most valuable in a poet's genius. A person so qualified is much more likely to write tragedies of his own than to translate those of others; and thus *Faust*, we are afraid, must ever continue, in many respects, a sealed book to the mere English reader."¹³

In conclusion, to combat the claim that the "synthetic" translations are better than the results of individual translators, I print three of them side

¹¹ Cf. Haskell, *op. cit.*, p. 25 f.

¹² I disagree, then, with Hauhart's finding (*op. cit.*, p. 83): "It is usually the case that men of moderate poetic genius are more apt to produce translations that have the true poetic ring, and yet do justice to the spirit of the original."

¹³ Thomas Carlyle, *Essay on Goethe's Faust*, New Edinburgh Review, April 1832. For the question of authorship see Hauhart, *op. cit.*, pp. 53 and 142.

by side with versions by Shawcross, Raphael, and Stawell and Dickinson, respectively. It should be admitted that the author of the mosaics did not consider his versions superior to those of modern translators, but merely to those of the nine authors from whom he drew his lines. But it is his fault if he based his work on some of the poorest translations in existence, and if he made formal fidelity the criterion of his selection.

In life's tide currents, in action's
storm,
Up and down I wave,
Like the wind I sweep!
Cradle and grave —
A limitless deep —
A constant weaving,
A glowing living:
So shape I, on Destiny's thundering
loom,
The Godhead's live garment, eternal
in bloom.

Mosaic.

Fortress with turrets
For the campaigner!
Maiden disdainful,
Scorner still vainer,
Fain would I gain her!
Bold is the venture,
Glorious the pay!

Lads, let the trumpets
For us be suing, —
As to gay pleasure,
So to undoing.
That is a storming!
Life in its splendor!
Maidens and castles
Both must surrender.
Bold is the venture,
Glorious the pay.
There go the soldiers
Marching away!

Mosaic.

Woe! woe!
Thou hast it destroyed,
The lovely world,
With powerful fist;
To ruin 'tis hurled!
A Demi-god dares to assail it!
We trail it
A wreck to the regions of ruin!
We wail it
And mourn its vanished splendor.
Mightier
Than all men, and grander,

In the tide of life, in the battle-storm
I go and I come:
I sway and I soar:
Birth and the tomb,
A sea without shore!
New patterns still weaving
In the furnace of living!
So I shape at Time's loom, amid
tumult and strife,
The robe of the godhead, whose
fabric is life!

Shawcross.

Castles with battlement,
Turret and tower,
Maidens with arrogant
Notions of power,
I would obtain!
Bold is the struggle,
Mighty the gain!

Let trumpets be sounding
As we go by,
Whether to pleasure,
Or whether to die.
O what a tempest!
O what a life!
Castles and women
Must yield in such strife.
Bold is the struggle,
Mighty the gain,
As all the soldiers
Go marching amain.

Raphael.

Alas, alas!
Thou hast smitten the world,
Thou hast laid it low,
Shattered, o'erthrown,
Into nothingness hurled,
Crushed by a demigod's blow!

We bear them away,
The shards of the world,
We sing well-a-day
Over the loveliness gone,
Over the beauty slain.

Build it again,
Great child of the Earth,

Brightlier	Build it again
Build it, — endeavor	With a finer worth,
In thine own bosom to build it again!	In thine own bosom build it on high!
A new life's reign	Take up thy life once more:
Commence,	Run the race again!
With clearer sense,	High and clear
And new songs forever	Let a lovelier strain
Sound the refrain.	Ring out than ever before!
Mosaic.	Stawell and Dickinson.

Some German Contributions to English Scientific Terminology

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Friedrich Seiler and a host of other scholars have shown that the economic and cultural development of a nation can to a great extent be traced by showing foreign influence as manifested in the Lehnwort. But the reverse process has also taken place. Every language may not only receive from its neighbors what its speakers lack, but may give to them what they alone possess. Therefore it is equally possible to show philologically what Germany, for example, has contributed to world culture, as well as what it has received.

This contribution has been strongest in the field of the natural sciences, in the development of which Germany took a foremost part. In seeking out a number of these contributions in their verbal embodiments, I believe two important ends, at least, can be accomplished. First, in this general method we gain another tool for the unraveling of the development of world culture, specifically the history of science. Second, when applied to Germany, these cases can be used in the teaching of German, and in particular in the teaching of Kulturkunde. It is more than interesting to know, for example, that Goethe introduced the word "morphology" into science, or that the word "zinc" was first used and probably invented by Paracelsus. We teach the contributions of Germany to world literature, art, music, etc., and in a general way, science. But by bringing to the students specific cases such as these, we form a link between his study of German and of science, which will be of great benefit to both.

The following lists are the merest sampling of what could and should be given. I have chosen, on the whole, the most general and important items, but that, of course, does not mean that there are not others just as general and important.

All these words are English. But most of them have become part of the international scientific "koine." However, I have not differentiated or indicated which have and which have not; that is not necessary for our immediate purpose. We are interested at present only in what the English language has received from the German.

I have divided these words into three groups according to their origin. First, there are German words that have bodily or with very little change been taken over directly. Second, there are words either coined or adapted by German scientists from Latin or Greek roots, but formed consciously at

a definite time to designate a concept or object newly discovered. Third, there are proper names that have been adopted to designate concepts or objects, instead of a new word being formed. Actually, therefore, these proper names become common nouns. To honor the inventor or discoverer his name has been used, when, of course, a new word (such as those in Group II) could have been coined. (On Eigennamen and Dingwort, see Behaghel, "Der Einfluss des Schrifttums auf den Sprachschatz," in *Von Deutscher Sprache*, p. 87 ff.)

Naming a thing and inventing or discovering it are not of course the same. But the influence of the namer is sometimes greater than that of the discoverer and certainly deserves attention, in any case. Newton and Leibniz invented the calculus independently. But the fact that the notation invented by Leibniz has been generally adopted shows that Leibniz in this respect had greater influence than Newton. In the following cases I have usually differentiated the namer from the discoverer or inventor.

My authority has in most cases been the Oxford English Dictionary, but there have been many others, too numerous for individual mention.

I. German words taken over into English:

A. Biology anlage aurochs dachshund edelweiss frass hamster lammergeyer mangel-wurzel schnauzer	B. Medicine hadernkrankheit kursaal policlinic C. Psychology aberglaube abreaction aufgabe einstellung gestalt kindergarten	D. Chemistry aspirin — "fancy trade name" bismuth cobalt fusel nickel salmiac spielgeleisen vaseline — Wasser — el(aion) — ine wolfram	
E. Geology auge bergschrund feldspar gneiss graben hornblende	horst kieselguhr loess meerscham mispickel pitchblende	quartz schiller schillerfels schiller spar schlieren sinter	thalweg triassic wacke zinc bloom zinc blende

II. Words coined or given their present meaning by German scientists:

- A. Physics, mathematics and technology**
 Relativity (theory of) — Albert Einstein (1879-)
 Quantum (theory) — Max Planck (1858-)
 X-rays — 1896 — Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen (1845-1923)
 Canal rays — Eugen Goldstein (1850-)
 inertia — introduced into physics by Johann Kepler (1571-1630)
 penumbra — Kepler
 aphelion — Kepler
 focus — "in mathematical sense first used by Kepler (1604)"
 isotherm — 1817 — Alex. v. Humboldt (1769-1859)
 dynamo — 1867 — shortened from "dynamo-electric machine" —
 Ernst Werner von Siemens (1816-1892)

B. Biology

biology — both Lamarck and Gottfried Treviranus (1776-1837) are cited as originators of this word. It is not found earlier than 1802, in which year appeared the latter's "Biologie, oder Philosophie der lebenden Natur."

protoplasm — 1846 — given its modern meaning by Hugo von Mohl (1805-1872)

morphology — introduced into science (1817) by Goethe (1749-1832)

nostoc — Paracelsus (1493-1541)

protozoa — Georg August Goldfuss (1782-1848)

infusoria — first used (c. 1760) by Ledenmüller of Nürnberg

As designations of phyla, echinodermata, coelenterata and arthropoda were introduced by Karl Leuckart (1822-1898), who also discovered and named the micropyle.

Walter Flemming (1843-1905) is responsible for many cytological terms, some of the commoner of which are:

achromatin	dispireme	mitome
aster	dyaster	mitosis
chromatin	metakinesis	spireme

karyokinesis — Matthias Jakob Schleiden (1804-1881)

hyaloplasm — Max Schultze (1825-1874)

spongioplasm — Franz Leydig (1821-1905)

chromosome — Wilhelm Waldeyer (1836-1821)

dichogamy — Christian Konrad Sprengel (1750-1816)

cytoblast — 1838 — Matthias Schleiden

pepsin — 1836 — Theodor Schwann (1810-1882)

metabolic — Schwann

peptone — 1849 — C. G. Lehmann (1812-1863)

enzyme — Wilhelm Kuehne (1837-1900)

zymase — Eduard Buchner (1860-1917)

orthogenesis — Theodor Eimer (1843-1898)

A prolific coiner of words was Haeckel (1834-1919). Some of his more important contributions are:

gastraea	pithecanthropus	plastidule
phylum	phylogeny	cytode

C. Chemistry

aniline — 1841 — Carl Julius Fritzsche (1808-1871)

chloral — Justus von Liebig (1803-1873)

creosote — 1832 — Karl von Reichenbach (disc.) (1788-1869)

Germanium — Clemens Winkler (1838-1904)

ketone — a modification of acetone introduced by Leopold Gmelin (1788-1853) Handbuch der Chemie, 1848

lanolin — 1885 — Oskar Liebreich (1839-1908)

laudanum — used by Paracelsus of a quack elixir, perhaps with suggestion of laud, and later applied to the opiate of which his remedy was probably composed

ozone — 1841 — Christian Friedrich Schoenbein (1799-1868)

opodeldoc — Paracelsus

paraffin — Reichenbach — 1830 — parum, affinis

phlogiston — coined 1619 by Sennert but given its usual significance (1702) by Georg Ernst Stahl (1660-1734)

TNT — from German toluin, from tolu (now Santiago de Chile) (Weekly)

Veronal — Emil Fischer (1852-1919)
zinc — Paracelsus

III. Words formed with proper names:

Auer metal — after Auer von Welsbach (1858-1929)
Bergius process (hydrogenation) — Fr. Bergius (1884-)
Bunsen burner — Robert Wilhelm Bunsen (1811-1899)
Bunsen cell (electr.)
Dahlia — discovered in Mexico by Humboldt and named 1791 in honor of Dahl, Swedish botanist
Diesel engine — Rudolph Diesel (1858-1913)
Doppler principle — Christian Doppler (1803-1853)
Eschscholtzia — named 1821 by Chamisso after E., his colleague on the Romanzoff expedition
Fahrenheit temperature scale — Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit (1686-1736)
Fehling's solution — Hermann von Fehling (1812-1885)
Fraunhofer lines — Joseph von Fraunhofer (1787-1826)
Fuchsia — after Leonhard Fuchs (1501-1566)
fuchsin — as above
Gauss — Karl Friedrich Gauss (1777-1855)
German silver
Glauber's salts — Johann Rudolph Glauber (1603-1668)
goethite — (mineral)
Haber process — Fritz Haber (1868-1934)
Haeckel's law — Ernst Heinrich Haeckel (1834-1919)
Hahnemannism (homoeopathy) — Samuel Christian Hahnemann (1755-1843)
Heidelberg man — discovered 1907
hertzian waves — Heinrich Rudolph Hertz (1857-1894)
Islands of Langerhans — Ernst Robert Langerhans (1847-1888)
Lieberkuehnian crypts — Johann Nathaniel Lieberkuehn (1711-1756)
Liebig condenser — Justus von Liebig
Meckel's cartilage — Johann Fr. Meckel (1781-1833)
mendelism — Johann Gregor Mendel (1822-1884)
mesmerism — Friedrich Anton Mesmer (1734-1815)
Muellerian ducts — Johannes Mueller (1801-1858)
Neanderthal man — discovered 1856
Ohm — Georg Simon Ohm (1787-1854)
Ostwald process — Wilhelm Ostwald (1853-1932)
Prussian blue — accidentally discovered 1704 by Diesbach at Berlin
prussic acid
Roentgen rays — 1895 — Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen (1845-1922)
Salzburg vitriol
Schick test — Dr. Bela Schick, Vienna (1877-)
Seger cone (ceramics) — Hermann August Seger (1839-1894)
walpurgite — from the Walpurgis vein, Freiburg i. S.
Wolffian ducts — after Kaspar Friedrich Wolff (1733-1794)
Zeppelin — Ferdinand Graf von Zeppelin (1838-1917)
Zinnia — after J. G. Zinn (1727-1759) Prof. in Goettingen
Zoellner's illusion lines — J. F. K. Zoellner (1834-1882)

WELTINNIGKEIT

An Introductory Study of Ina Seidel

MARY MCKITTRICK

The title for this brief sketch of the life and work of Ina Seidel is taken from a group of her poems, *Weltinnigkeit*, published in 1918. The word expresses more significantly than any other, Frau Seidel's concept of worthwhile existence and her unique coordination of values. The thought that in harmonious natural relationships, alone, can Life be productive and happy, pulsates through her poetry and her prose. Those of her characters who have achieved oneness with Nature approximate completeness and those who have failed to gain a sense of proportion, as far as these values of true existence are concerned, reveal fundamental weaknesses. From early childhood, Ina Seidel sensed a vital, predestined kinship with Nature and felt inseparably bound to the great inarticulate force of which all things seemed a part, and which must eventually absorb everything into itself.

Ina Seidel was born September 15, 1885, in Halle a. d. Saale, but her parents moved to Braunschweig when she was only six months old. Her father, Dr. Hermann Seidel, of Mecklenburg ancestry, was a younger brother of the author, Heinrich Seidel, and himself a distinguished orthopedic surgeon. Her mother's family, Lösewitz, came from Riga. Her maternal grandmother, when a young widow, had married Georg Ebers, the Egyptologist and novelist. Records show that the ancestors of both families were exceptionally talented and that a number of predecessors on both sides had literary inclinations. Dr. Hermann Seidel's religious views were pantheistic and found expression in a feeling of intimacy towards all living things and towards the earth itself. His gifted daughter, Ina, and his author-son, Willy (1887-1934), shared his tender, almost passionate responsiveness towards Nature in its minutest occurrences. His charming, talented wife was in complete sympathy with his views and projects and believed, with him, in the fundamental goodness of life and of man. The children knew nothing of malice and hatred until their father, driven by innuendoes and petty jealousies of professional rivals, and fatigued and nervous from overwork, in an hour of despondency, took his own life. This tragedy, which occurred when Ina Seidel was ten, terminated a singularly happy childhood, although the mother did not tell the children the father had committed suicide until her daughter was sixteen. She took her children to München where the Ebers family lived and where they had previously spent many a happy summer on nearby Lake Starnberg. Ina Seidel, now a mother and grandmother, still has her summer home on this lake. The young girl grew up in München in excellent surroundings, forming enviable friendships with members of the distinguished groups of artists living there. In 1907 she married her cousin, Heinrich Wolfgang Seidel, who is at present pastor of a large church in Berlin and favorably known as a poet.

Although Ina Seidel found out that she could write verse when still a child, and experienced a definite literary 'calling' as early as 1904, she did not begin to write 'ernstlich', as she says in her new autobiography, *Meine*

Kindheit und Jugend, (1935), until after a serious illness in 1908 when she was twenty-three years old.

Her first volume of poems, *Gedichte*, came out in 1914. Subsequent collections of her poems are: *Neben der Trommel her*, 1915; *Weltinnigkeit*, 1918; *Neue Gedichte*, 1927; and *Die tröstliche Begegnung*, 1932. Comparing her first work with her later poems, one is conscious of Frau Seidel's early completeness and senses no significant change in her verse except that *Weltinnigkeit* seems to mark an intensification of her work in the preceding two collections. In all her verse, which is simple, effortless song, she appears inseparably close to the earth, a part, as it were, of the teeming rich brown furrows. Science says: matter can neither be created nor destroyed — Ina Seidel's poetic utterances proclaim this thought and give it a broader significance. For her there has always been absolute continuity in the cycle of life, not only in the physical aspect, but in the spiritual, as well. In the poems, *Pilger*, *Kormoran*, *Sonnentänzer*, *Zentaurenweibchen*, *Flötenspieler*, *Der Menschenfresser*, and others (which are now collected in *Die tröstliche Begegnung* under the subtitle 'Kleine Mythen, Angesichte und Landschaften') the idea is uppermost that Life is constant mutation, but that its changing appearances are bound by a fundamental oneness of substance — an idea which is likewise dominant in Ina Seidel's first novel, *Das Haus zum Monde*, — under the aspect of the transmigration of souls. In *Planetenspiel zur Erdenfeier der Sonnenwende* (in *Die Tat*, June 1924) another characteristic concept peculiar to Ina Seidel's prose and poetry is vividly shown — that of the importance of the place of the mother in the plan of things. In this pageant of celestial bodies, the Sun is seen as the mother of the planetary system, and the Earth as the mother of humanity. Both are exalted in the capacity of mothers, they are part of each other, and all substance, animate and inanimate, is part of them. In this respect, the poem, *Erde und ich* becomes significant:

“Erde, du bist nicht älter als ich,
Wir sind in einer Stunde geboren.
Als ich dem Mutterschosse entwich,
Rolltest du aus ätheren Toren,
Strotzend bunt und dumpf.

So geschah es!

Staunend stand und stumpf

Ich und sah es.” (*Die tröstliche Begegnung*, p. 37)

The earth is beautiful, good, satisfying. The idea of infinite dependency among the elements constituting Life is well-expressed in *Pflüger*.

Mit wichtigen Knien,
Von Krähen umschrien,
Im Dunst seiner Pferde,
Die Fäuste am Sterz,
Samt Pflugschar und Rossen
Selbst bodenentquellen,
Stampft er jetzt die Schollen
Und zwingt in die Erde
Sein reissendes Erz.

Die Brache umbrechen
Heißt Kräfte lossprechen,
Die Erde braucht Hände,
Zu lösen ihr Herz.
Mann, Pflugschar und Rosse,
Von Erde genommen,
Zur Erde gekommen,
Gestalt aus Gelände
Im dampfenden März.

(*Die tröstliche Begegnung*, p. 31)

These quotations represent the living, vital quality of Ina Seidel's verse which captures so well, mood, appearance, sound and feel of the poetic subject.

Intimate understanding of the oneness of all things with Nature, the indestructible continuity of matter, as well as vividness and beauty of expression are also found in Ina Seidel's first novel, *Das Haus zum Monde* which appeared in 1917. Here, as has already been pointed out, her idea of Life's continuous cycle is set forth under the aspect of the transmigration of souls. 'Das Haus zum Monde' signifies a family named ten Maan (zum Monde), that had come originally from regions along the lower Rhine, and whose coat-of-arms showed a waxing moon. At the time of the story, however, the family had taken up residence in a new house, over the door of which builders had hung, mistakenly, a waning moon. This fact becomes a significant symbol in the story of the family's declining fortunes.

Elsabe was the daughter of Robert ten Maan, an adventurous seaman, who had been obliged to marry a dull pedantic woman much older than himself as the consequence of too intimate relations with her. He died in Samoa, before the child's birth, and his wife brought up their daughter too strictly — Elsabe was at heart as adventurous as her father had been. Her father's younger brother, Daniel, fell in love with her and she was glad to marry him to get away from her mother, whom she hated. After the birth of a daughter, Erika, Elsabe became a helpless invalid and felt repelled by the child which resembled her mother very closely. For almost a year before she died Elsabe was confined to her own two rooms, but her desire to live a full, rich, adventurous life became increasingly strong. She had one good friend, Brigitte von Rungström, a young widow and the mother of two small boys, Detlev and Aage. Elsabe confided in her that she had been deeply impressed by the Hindu belief in the transmigration of souls. She explained her infirmity as a punishment for some wrong done in a previous existence, and hoped for a compensation in a future, strong, active body. She wrote a letter to Brigitte which was to be opened only after her death, in which she told Brigitte she would marry Daniel ten Maan and have a child whom she should call Wolfgang. He would be the robust reincarnation of herself, Elsabe, and he, not Erika, was to have her possessions. All happened as predicted. Aage and Wolfgang became inseparable friends, but neither liked Erika. Wolf revealed an uncanny knowledge of all Elsabe's affairs, of strange peoples and lands without having ever been told of them, and had a burning desire to travel. When he showed talent for drawing, ten Maan engaged an artist, Mathilde Mackens, to instruct him. The children loved her and were sorry to see her leave when ten Maan lost his fortune and in despair took his own life. Here the novel breaks off, and the subsequent fortunes of Aage, Mathilde and Wolfgang are not continued till years later in *Sterne der Heimkehr* (1923).

Brigitte, in this very first novel, is an expression of the idea that woman finds completeness and superlative happiness only as a mother. A relatively simple being, she is part of the warm, productive earth and thrills to the

impulse of growing things, to the fragrance of the out-of-doors. Her love for her children is at times overwhelmingly strong, but she keeps it within bounds, and does not allow the 'nächtige Seite'* of motherhood to develop, which seeks to make the child too dependent on the mother. The mother-son relationship is to be founded on intelligence and on affection. The abundance of Brigitte's life, as a mother, is contrasted with Elsabe's shadowy existence, and with the brittle unproductiveness of Elsabe's commonplace mother.

Ina Seidel's career as novelist began propitiously with the publication of this first prose work, and her later novels have justified the early promise of greatness. Even here she is seen as a master of prose style. She writes graciously, humorously, understandingly. Her words bear forth her thoughts as rare Venetian goblets might carry some precious elixir. Mood and atmosphere are reproduced with unmistakable effectiveness.

In *Sterne der Heimkehr* we learn that Wolfgang ten Maan had left home at the age of fourteen. Only six years later, Aage, a student at the time, found him in Berlin masquerading as Pieter Steenbock, a Dutch architect. He invited Aage to visit with him a rural retreat where Lermoser, an architect, lived, with whom Wolf had travelled ever since his departure from home. Here, at the village inn, Aage found Mathilde Mackens, now a well-known artist. Both of them tried to persuade Wolf to give up his silly pretense and return to his poor worried mother, but without success. Aage, sensitive and responsive, was pursued by a common, but well-meaning woman, Loulou Binz. When Loulou was found murdered in the village, Wolf believed he must have killed her, driven against his will by the spirit of Elsabe which still had its hold over him. It was discovered, however, that a village madman had committed the crime. Wolf now confessed that his pretense of being Steenbock had been carried on in the hope of winning a right to his own life, instead of having to be driven about by Elsabe. Finally, yielding to Lermoser's urgings, Wolf agrees to accompany Aage and Mathilde when they start back to Brigitte.

The novel is a development of the idea begun in *Das Haus zum Monde* — the theory of the transmigration of souls is carried further: Lermoser tells Wolf to be himself, to grow in his own best way, regardless of the past which lives within him and conditions his actions. The individual is but a particularized occurrence in Nature's continuous cycle, and out of her sameness of substance Nature demands and facilitates an infinite variety of forms.

Das Labyrinth (1922) was Ina Seidel's first novel based on historical material. It is the life story of the well-known traveller and writer, George Forster (1754-94) who, a child genius, taught himself to read at the age of five, and who, at twelve, was a linguist of distinction. His domineering father, a foil to George's meekness and generosity, took advantage of his son's talents to abet his own projects. George accompanied him on his Volga trip and on Captain Cook's third journey around the world. The boy, who had never known how to be young or carefree, was too like his timid, good, gentle mother,

*Cf. Seidel, Ina: *Dichter, Volkstum und Sprache*. Stuttgart 1934. p. 50.

lacking in all aggressiveness. He read mythology and was impressed greatly by the story of the Labyrinth, a parallel to his own unhappy life, where he knew no degree of security and could never find his way out. He married Therese Heyne (1764-1829), hoping to find thus the desired security, but she made his life only less stable and tortured him with her suspected, but never proven infidelity. The marriage lacked a basis of understanding and George, torn by doubt, could not concentrate on his literary work, for which reason the couple was frequently in financial straits. Besides, the ravages of the journey around the world had undermined Forster's health, and when his enthusiasm for the French Revolution took him to Paris, he became a ready victim of the heavy winter fogs. He died, miserable and alone, but free at last from the tortuous maze of Life's labyrinth.

The novel is a great piece of work, even though not a pleasant one. It depicts the destruction of George, the struggle of a hurt soul. It is the story of a weak will, of wasted genius, of a tortured mind — an unnecessary tragedy, silently dreadful. Two unhappy married couples appear — George's mother and father and George and Therese. The father was, however, a blustering tyrant, quite without the knife-sharp, merciless finesse of clever Therese. The good qualities of the latter, e. g. capacity to love, devotion to her children, and self-denial, which Ludwig Geiger stresses in his biography of her (*Therese Huber*. Berlin 1901) are minimized in the novel. She certainly was notoriously unsuited to Forster, both in character and in habits. The husband-wife relationship forms the center of the story, and the 'nächtige Seite' of woman's influence over man emerges as Therese subtly but viciously breaks the husband whom she alone could have made successful and happy.

In the next novel, *Brömseshof* (1928) further evidence is given of the 'nächtige Seite' of woman. When Conrad Brömse did not return for a long time at the close of the World War, his family, with the exception of his mother, took for granted that he was dead. When he returned, at length, to take over the estate, he found that his sisters and half-sisters were managing all affairs and that his mother had nothing to say about matters. The hostile attitude of his sisters towards him and towards the young girl he married, Christa von Damm, confused him and he felt clumsily out of place and unwanted in a situation which everyone, except himself, seemed to understand. In the end, when he, unable to endure the insults any longer, forced the issue with Sophie, his most disagreeable sister, he learned that he was not a legitimate child, but the son of his uncle, Peter Brömse, and that he was despised for his illegitimacy. His mother, dying, informed him that what he had been told was true, but that Sophie hated him not by reason of the bar sinister as much as because she herself had cherished an unrequited love for Peter Brömse. Conrad had courage to leave his miserable home and start a new one abroad. His sisters sought a kind of penance in operating the estate as a charity venture for the unfortunate.

Brömseshof is an excellent study of the bleak northern landscape where living is rigorous. The mother-son, sister-brother relationships are unproductive and unhappy. Conrad's mother and sisters are sad failures. They

have lived according to a false, unnatural code. The sisters lack love for each other and for their mother and brother, and in return arouse no loving emotion for themselves. Because of her deviation from the strait path the mother is deprived of the right to enjoy her children, and her son is brought close to despair. His relationship with his wife is the only wholesome, complete, natural one in the story.

Renée und Rainer (1929) is as light and fanciful as *Brömseshof* is stolid and sternly realistic. Muriel, the heroine, was married when young to a much older man, known in the book as Paladin. He was good to her, but she found her life incomplete because she had no child. Through her husband she met a handsome young man with whom she fell in love. Paladin allowed her to divorce him and she married the young man and had a son, Rainer. The boy's father died and he developed a mother complex. Muriel tried vainly to direct his interest into broader fields of activity. When her income dwindled she started a school for children and sent Rainer to the university. He would not stay away from his mother, who, despairing, took Renée, a young girl on the verge of suicide, into her care, hoping Rainer might fall in love with her. Paladin had never lost sight of Muriel's activities all this time, and understood her trouble. He formed friendships with both Renée and Rainer and brought them together as Muriel had tried to do. He re-married Muriel who was now sufficiently matured for his love.

Muriel is a successful mother, a woman of sound natural instincts, intelligent and energetic and resourceful. She is modern, free, and able to take her place in the world, to compete with men, yet perfectly aware that only in being true to herself as a woman can she attain fulfillment. Paladin, like Muriel, is a balanced human being. He cooperates with her when she follows the course dictated by her nature. He knows that Muriel, as an intelligent woman, is able to act wisely in working out her problems.

Significant in considering Ina Seidel's concept of the oneness underlying natural variety, is the fact that the material and plans for her books were, in some form or other, coetaneous. Ideas underwent change before the final form was cast, but basic thoughts remained substantially related. When Ina Seidel became a mother in her twenty-second year, the idea for *Das Wunschkind* (1930) her greatest novel, up to the present time, came to her and she worked over it the whole time the other books were being finished, until it finally appeared almost 25 years later. It was very near her heart and, indeed, the first prose work that she started to write.

Cornelie, the daughter of a Prussian cavalry general, Dubslaw von Tracht, had married Hans von Mespelsbrun, a wealthy Prussian army officer. They had an infant son, Wilhelm. Cornelie's father and husband followed the call of their king to arms against the revolutionary armies of France, and they all went to Mainz where the united German troops were to assemble. The husband's mother, Frau von Echter, lived in Mainz and Cornelie was to stay with her until her husband returned from the campaign. Her young half-sister, Charlotte, child of her father's second marriage, was to remain in her care. Wilhelm was taken ill on the journey and died in Mainz at

his grandmother's house on the night before his father left for the war. Hans Adam was killed in action and Cornelie's sole comfort rested on the child which had been conceived on the last night she spent with her husband. In October, 1792, the French General, Custine, entered Mainz and Frau von Echter and Cornelie left for Frankfurt. Charlotte, who was to go to the Spessart mountains with friends, had willfully remained in Mainz, where she fell in love with, and married a French lieutenant, Lorient. A 'Zufallskind', Delphine, was born to Charlotte during heavy firing, when the Germans again drove out the French. During the stay at Frankfurt, Cornelie's 'Wunschkind', Christoph, had been born. When she returned to Mainz, Charlotte was dead, lying in a pauper's coffin, and Cornelie took the child to bring up with her new son. Cornelie's father, holding her responsible for Charlotte's marriage and death, disowned her. When Cornelie learned of his unkindness she decided to remain in Mainz with her mother-in-law, who needed her. Her father relented enough by the time the children were five, to send for Delphine, but Cornelie refused to part with her foster-child. Her father sent his Adjutant, Voss, to kidnap Delphine. This was a great shock to Christoph because he loved Delphine, but he revealed to his mother that he had *wished* for the grandfather to get the little girl, because then they could all go back to his mother's home eventually. He felt certain that he had a power of wishing, whence he was doubly a 'Wunschkind'. Dr. Buzzini, a follower of Mesmer, cured Christoph of the shock and came to live at the Echter house where he established a kind of clinic and where Cornelie, who loved him, was of great help to him. She had to renounce his love, however, because he was not sure that his first wife from whom he had been separated, was dead. Christoph, eager to be reunited with Delphine, wished that the grandmother might die. His wish came true and his mother took him back to her ancestral estate which was badly in need of her efficient management. Christoph's devotion to the heartless, coquettish Delphine increased as he grew up, but her flirtations gave him little peace of mind. Finally, Delphine went on the stage and Christoph, who died in the War of Liberation, was spared the pain of seeing her engaged to another man.

This novel, one of the greatest in modern literature, is the climax of Ina Seidel's art. Cornelie is the greatest of Frau Seidel's women. She is devout, sensitive, intelligent, affectionate, unselfish and capable. Her development from childhood is shown in striking contrast to that of Delphine, the selfish, hard, amoral flirt. Cornelie moves among the other well-drawn characters with the composed dignity of one close to nature and free from artifice. Her son reflects her calm steady nature. He, as the child of a mother from the northeast and a father from the southwest, symbolizes the oneness of Germany. Cornelie is more than a great mother — like Buzzini, she is a great human being. She and the doctor are kind, generous and constructive helpers of humanity, working during the most abnormal and destructive conditions possible — those of war. Ina Seidel is at her best in *Das Wunschkind*, not only in the delineation and unfolding of her

characters, and in the genuinely ethical and at the same time broadly human atmosphere of the book, but also in the construction of the far-flung plot and in the masterly style in which the story is told.

Der Weg ohne Wahl (1933) is the first part of a novel which the author plans to develop in three or four volumes. The sister-brother relationship dominates here, although the father-daughter one is also important. The story concerns a young violinist, Manuel Martius-Orley, and his accompanist sister, Merula. They bear a resemblance to Ina Seidel and her brother, Willy, although she has minimized her own genius in the account. The pair met a physician, Dr. Rasmus, on a train and when he prevented the unhappy Manuel from leaping to his death, Merula took him into her confidence, and, in the course of their friendship, wrote out the story of their curiously sad life in a notebook—she could not bear to speak of the tragic happenings to anyone. The mother had been a famous singer, who, persuaded by her worthless teacher, Gottesgirgl, had left her husband and her children to pursue her career on a tour through America. The husband, a scientist, had been injured in a balloon accident, and blamed his injuries for the failure to hold his wife while, at the same time, he never forgave Gottesgirgl for taking her away. The delicate singer died abroad but Gottesgirgl returned and, in an unexpected altercation with the husband, shot him. He was acquitted of the murder because he said he had meant to take his own life on that particular occasion, but had lost control of the gun when the husband threatened him with his cane. Through the newspapers the children learned the truth about their mother's desertion and death and had to endure many insults from other children. As Manuel became older he sensed a strange desire to know Gottesgirgl because that person had been the last to see their mother alive. He even, by a queer twist of his imagination, fancied that he ought to feel grateful to the wretch for having stayed with his mother in America to the end and under distressing circumstances. He actually did get in touch with Gottesgirgl, who took advantage of the boy's kindness to get money of him with which he purchased liquor. Manuel was a manic-depressive, Rasmus realized, the kind of person who was happy only when concerned with himself and his own affairs. He saw that the violinist ought to lose sight of his ego for a long enough time to partake in some large movement. It so happened that the World War was breaking out at the time, and Manuel found a sort of release in enlisting. Rasmus married Merula before he went to the front himself as army surgeon.

As it stands the story is not complete, but is an auspicious beginning for a proposed trilogy or quadrilogy. It is characterized by the intense mental suffering of those who, because of great talent, feel things more keenly than the average individual, and who are destined to sense isolation. The whole story is meant to define the bleakness and sorrow of Merula's life, and shows her concern, first over her father, then over the unstable brother. Her love for Rasmus promises a new security and richness, as well as an opportunity to outgrow the painful isolation.

Ina Seidel's first collection of short stories, *Hochwasser* appeared in 1920. *Hochwasser* or *Die Brücke*, as it was subsequently called, is the first story of the group. Nikoleit, the gruesome central figure, has a daughter, Melitta, lovely as a water-lily, whom he wishes to keep away from her lover, Aurach. A flood has weakened the bridge near their house, and as the three of them stand on it, the jealous father dashes the frail structure into the swirling water beneath. Aurach, alone, perishes. Nikoleit dominates the story. The other personages are wan beside him. The atmosphere is done in the author's best manner and creates a sense of bodeful chill and sinister dampness. Everywhere is menacing water and the endlessness of rain. The sun itself shines misty and steaming when it finally appears. In *Paradies*, the next story, Ina Seidel has given a charming picture of her own childhood at the Ebers' summer home on Lake Starnberg. Lusche, a child just awakening to the significance of life and the pity of growing up, lives every sun-filled moment as completely as only a child can who feels its kinship to the trees and the earth and the green froth on the top of a pond, and whose life is filled with the quiet excitement of small, secret, living things. *Vorgesetzte* tells of an unnecessary, vicious tragedy. The stupid whim of Hauptmann Stengel causes young, brave, honest Wilhelm Gessner to lose his life. The officer is engaged to the boy's mother, which heightens the irony. The soundness of natural instinct triumphs, however, even in death, over a hopelessly callous soul. *Minuett auf Tahiti* pictures the lushness of the South Seas and the madness of white men among the Polynesians. *Der Reiter* represents the unreasoning brutality of war, and brands it as foul and impotent before natural human integrity. *Lisettchens Entführung* is a humorous account of an elopement which did not take place. In *Von heut auf morgen* a small invalid boy is consoled by the fact that others, too, find life disappointing. *Aus Waldemars Leben*, the pathetic account of a hydrocephalous baby, pleads for enlightenment of the proletariat who live in cellars and subsist on potatoes. The shiftless hero of *Freddys Errettung* finds a solution to the problem of his life: how to get along without working, in the great catch-all, war. *Vor dem Ende* is the powerful description of night in a tuberculosis ward. Here, even the noises and smells of the world outside the stark white walls become gigantically important to those in isolation. In *Der Tod einer Frau*, which pictures with horrible vividness the last minutes before certain death, a misunderstood old Communist Jewess is shot down like a dog by those outside the law.

In these stories are characters who have a mistaken sense of values and who, because they have erred from the confines of the natural, have lost their personal happiness, have occasioned their own tragedy, and in some cases, brought ruin to others. They are generally tragic in tone, but an analysis of the underlying thoughts in each one reveals that the author's philosophy of life is primarily the same as in her poetry and novels.

Das wundersame Geissleinbuch (1925) is, as its subtitle suggests, a collection of tales for children who are familiar with the old *Märchen*. A small

boy visits, in his dreams, seven little creatures whose mother is a human being and whose father is one of the goats which draw Thor's chariot. They take him to visit Hänsel and Gretel, the seven dwarfs, etc. The stories are delightfully hearty, and in their atmosphere, altogether German. The thrifty industrious mother is a significant portrait in the author's large gallery of women characters.

Die Fürstin reitet (1928), a longer narrative, pictures the rigorous landscape of Russia. A young mother, Katharina Romanowna Daschkoff, rides heroically to aid Catharine the Great gain the throne when the empress dies and the imbecilic Archduke Peter is attempting to usurp the power. She is a lesser Cornelia, potentially as great. While the historical Katharina Daschkoff seems to have been more domineering than Frau Seidel's "Fürstin", it must be remembered that in the story she is very young, and that it represents but a single episode in her versatile life. A splendid picture is given of the prevailing debauchery of the Russian Court, also of the barren country where hearts had to be strong to endure.

Der vergrabene Schatz (1929) takes its name from the first of three fine short stories. It is the account of an actress, Andrea Leux, who scorns money and loves her art. Her lover, Richard Solger, a writer, is made to see thru her the values of life in a new way. In *Sommertage* a young girl weaver is given a week of sunshine and roses by an old man, who lets her care for his garden while he is on a trip. His nephew appears, wins the girl's love and vanishes when the old man returns. The old man sends her back to her childhood home, where she was once very happy, hoping that she will forget the unkindness of his nephew. *Legende der Fina* reminds one of the lyric prose of the old wisdom literatures. The symbolism of Fina who can dance the motion of a peach tree in the wind, the peace of a summer evening, or the joy of growing things, is not absolutely clear, but it would seem that she must represent the purity of unspoiled nature, the goodness of the earth and love which is powerful enough to consume petty strife and restore happiness among people.

A collection of essays, *Dichter, Volkstum und Sprache* (1934), is rich in material which will interest every student of literature, and important for the light it throws on Ina Seidel's thought and work. A number of the essays discuss well-known contemporaries. Most important for a better understanding of the author's work are the following: *Goethe und die Frau*, in which Frau Seidel's concept of what makes a complete human being is set forth. Not only should there be harmony between man and Nature, she believes, but also between man and woman. Goethe, as the complete human being had little use for sex controversy. Each sex is the complement of the other. — *Über die Entstehung meines Romans 'Das Wunschkind'* and *Abendgang durch Berlin*, reveal cross-currents of literary productivity and the fundamental similarity of concepts underlying the versatile author's work.

Luise, Königin von Preussen is a short sketch of the tragic, beloved young queen and patriot, done in a manner which makes her belong

definitely to the greatest women in Ina Seidel's fiction, representing, as she does, a mother and High Priestess of Humanity.

* * * *

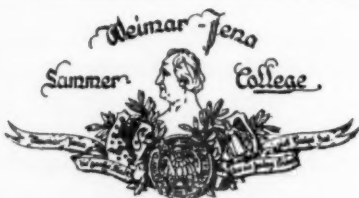
Many interpretations have been given the unspoken message of Nature, but none is more interestingly or convincingly set forth than the one found in Ina Seidel's work which becomes all the more effective by reason of its simplicity. Both her poetry and her prose give expression to an innate consciousness of belonging to the whole of existence, the temporal and the timeless, of being at once an entity and a part, of depending on all, and of the ultimate obligation of having all depend on the part. Nature's law, we are given to understand, is the only right one, and its penalties for non-conformity are the most severe. A sense of freedom can be realized only through relationships which enable the individual to make the greatest possible contributions to Life, demanded and determined by his own endowment. The women of the books discussed here have shown to advantage over the men. This does not mean that Ina Seidel, as a feminist, believes women to be superior, but that she considers woman, as a mother, closer to Nature, more responsible for bringing about the necessary harmony of the world and better fitted to reconcile values. There are degrees of womanhood among her characters—Cornelie is the greatest, Therese the least, with Brigitte, Muriel, the Geisslein mother and the rest between. Women who devote their lives to art lack a certain warmth and completeness. They may leave lasting monuments to their talents, but they are conscious of the need for love, a husband and children. Even as woman is dependent on man for the fulfillment of her destiny, so is man dependent on her for his life and well-being. When each has learned his or her true significance, each is on the way to becoming a complete human being, quite in accord with Nature. The individual's duty does not end with the confines of his individuality or of his family life: each must answer for all. Man may experience a physical satisfaction in armed combat—woman bears the real ravages of war. She must join again the strands of broken lives and go on, often alone. All unnatural phenomena like war, which hurt beauty and destroy good things, are evil.

Ina Seidel's poetry and prose are vibrant with reciprocal penetrating rays which flash among the various occurrences of Nature. The whole is indestructible, inviolable, and Frau Seidel's message like that of Meredith in *The Woods of Westermain* is to observe the natural harmony of 'blood and brain and spirit'. The thought of this great woman poet is golden with an optimism which is fruitful and firm and free from illusion. She speaks with the conviction of one who has found the centre of existence, whose utterances are, at times, almost prophetic. Her prose style, which adds charm and dignity to her effective thought, and the vitality of her literary productiveness justify placing Ina Seidel, even now, among the two or three greatest woman poets since Droste-Hülshoff, and among the leading literary personalities of the day.

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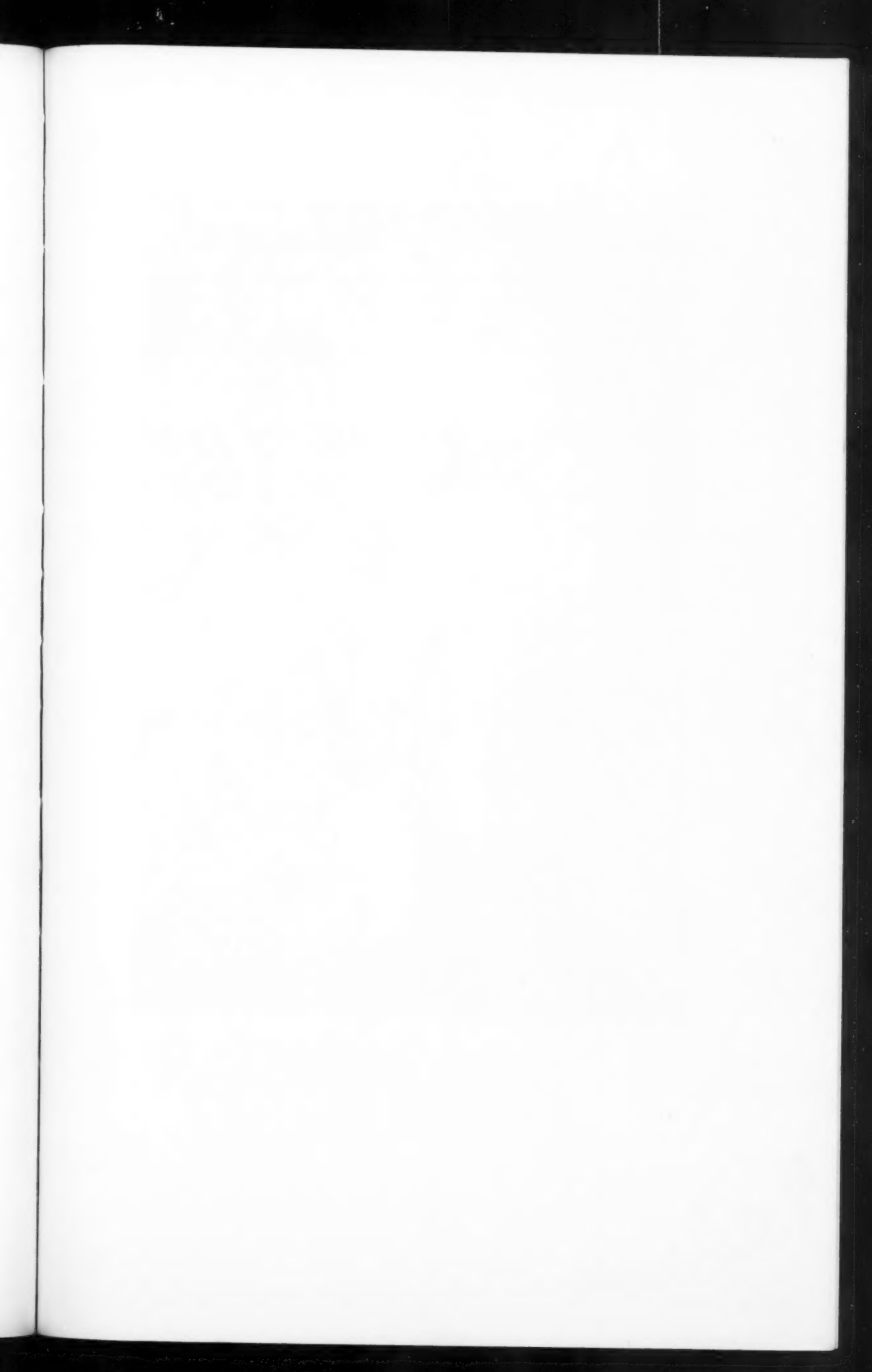
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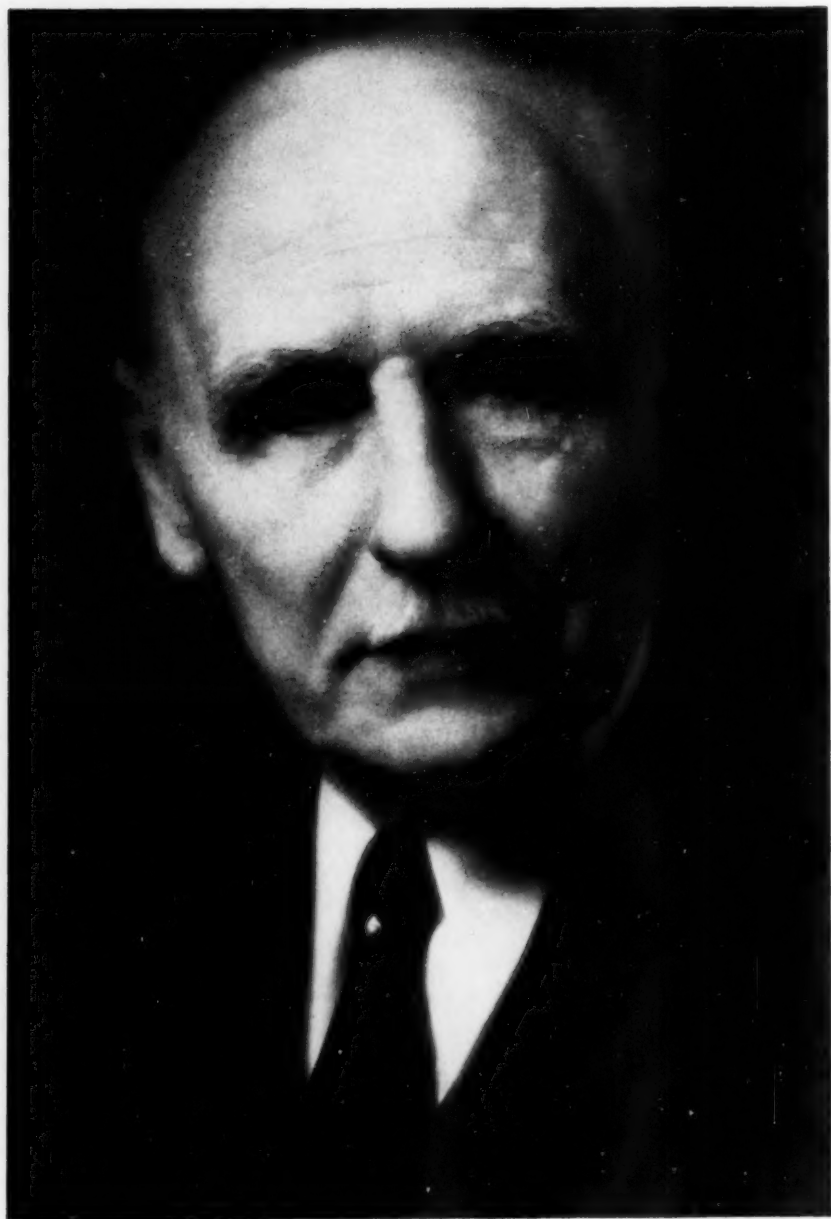
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